

# Letters from Grandpa

PZ 7

K636

Copy 2

FT MEADE  
GenColl

BY

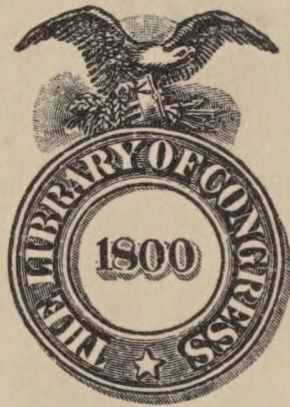
KIRKPATRICK



NEW YEAR EDITION

1914





Class PZ7

Book K636L

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> copy 2

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

















S. K. Matthews

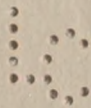


# *Letters from Grandpa*

BY

**HON. S. KIRKPATRICK** ✓

*Member of House of Representatives U. S.  
Sixth District, Iowa*



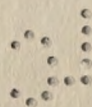
PRESS OF  
THE SUDWARTH COMPANY  
WASHINGTON

1913

*Copy 2*



PZ7  
K636  
L  
Copy 2



FEB 13 1914

©CL A361977

✓  
R

202



TO  
SANFORD, NELLIE, AND JOHN

This book is gratefully dedicated  
by their

GRANDPA



[Any of the children who read this  
book and who desire to write a letter  
to "Grandpa," may address him—

S. KIRKPATRICK,  
Ottumwa, Iowa.]

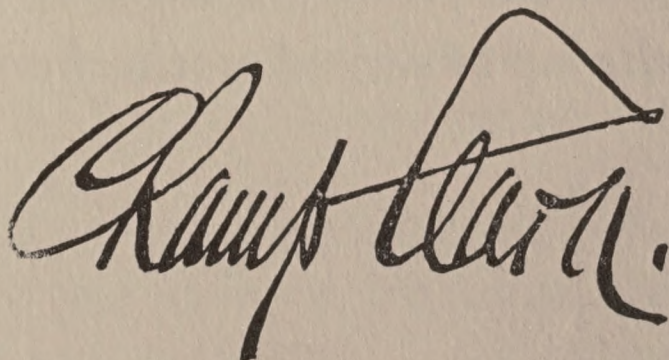


## Foreword.

---

It was a happy idea which induced Congressman Kirkpatrick, of Iowa, to publish in book form his delightful epistles to his grandchildren under the title of "Letters from Grandpa." The title itself was an inspiration. The grandfather in communion with, or in the company of his grandchildren is always pleasant to look upon.

In the olden time men prominent in literature frequently wrote elaborate letters, polished them with much labor, garnished them with many rhetorical flourishes, classical allusions and abundant quotations—which letters were intended for publication then or thereafter. Among these were Alexander Pope, Lord Byron, Dean Swift, Horace Walpole and other worthies. Their letters were really essays, except Byron's. His were sure enough letters, in which he poured out his loves, hatreds, and opinions generally. Congressman Kirkpatrick's letters are the real thing—chatty, picturesque, interesting to the children to whom they were written, intended to interest them. They were written without any idea of publication, therefore natural and pleasing. They will long survive him and will serve to preserve his name and fame. His choice of the Christmas season for publication was eminently fitting—for above all else the Christmas season is Children's season.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Ralph Clark". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

*Speaker, House of Representatives, U. S.*



## INTRODUCTORY.

---

*My highest ambition is to acquire a sufficient amount of means to build, endow, maintain, and perpetuate a home for one hundred fatherless and motherless children.*

*When I shall have accomplished this result, I will feel that my mission in this life has ended. I am, therefore, presenting LETTERS FROM GRANDPA because I am a grandfather.*

*Those of us, who have put away childish things, once spoke, talked and understood as children, hence the necessity of introducing subjects such as will interest every tiny feather plucked from the wing of love and dropped in the lap of sacred motherhood.*



## Letter No. 1.

*Southland.*

*Two Little Boys and One Small Girl:*

I AM going to tell you something about our new dog. We call him new, because he is not old. I expect forty days would cover all the time he has lived. So far he has had no birthday. I once heard of a great dog party in a great city. There were one hundred and twenty dogs present, and the dinner cost somebody four dollars for each little doggie, and while this dinner was going on on the inside there was a number of Grand-children in the street crying for bread.

I don't know much about dog parties, still I remember when your Mama lived at home, she never gave any more birthday parties after she was twenty-six years old.

You know, Children, that dogs, like people, are not all alike. They are not all the same size or same shape or same color.

Our dog looks like a little bear, only he is not a bear. He is about the color of a ginger cake, but he is not a ginger cake; in the face he looks a little like a colored boy. Now if I thought he was a little darkie, I would cut his tail off right behind his ears, and then, I suppose, he would go to the "Happy Land of Canine."

Our dog is about four inches long, six inches wide; his tail is fully seven inches long and leans over against his back.

Our dog is a good little boy when allowed to do as he pleases, except when he is shut up in the dog house, and



then he talks all kinds of dog talk; but I don't understand a word he says. When he barks I think he is laughing, and when he wags his tail, then he is trying to tell that he is hungry.

I know some Grandchildren that always cry when they want something to eat. Our dog is not as large as a lion, still, he is bigger than a small cat. We call him all kinds of pet names; so one day Grandma said we must call him some real sure name, and she named him Disc. At first I did not like the name; but she said she got the "Record" from our new graphophone, and, I suppose, now, that Disc will be in tune as long as the "Record" lasts. Mr. Benson says Disc is one-half Shepherd, but could not say what the other half was, so I just made up my mind that the other half was dog.

Our dog came sixty miles in a car; was in the express office all night without a bite of anything to eat, not even a drink of cold water. The express man said the dog cried all night, and while little doggie was crying, the man was acting doggedly mean, as he was still growling the next morning.

I asked him how he would like to be shut up in an empty box all night, and nothing to eat or drink. I hope every good little boy in the world has a good dog. I would rather all my Grandchildren would play with good dogs than bad boys.

Now, when your Papa writes, have him tell all about your dog, as I am writing letters to a great many Grandchildren, and I want to tell them all about your dog.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 2.**

*Southland.*

*Two Little Dots and One Small Dot:*

**P**APA'S LETTER came this morning. I was disappointed in his dog story. I don't suppose he had a dog when he was a boy, as he had nothing to say about ever having been rabbit hunting when he was young; he surely was a boy, even if it was a long time ago.

If he ever went rabbit hunting he ought to remember all about it. Your Papa could not have been a very big boy or very old when he was born, else he would know more about dogs, or perhaps, he lived in one of the big towns, about which I am going to write you, sometime, where dogs were not allowed to stay.

Now, there are about as many little girls in the world as there are little boys, at any rate a good little girl is better than a half dozen bad boys. I am going to write something about dolls. I do not know how many little dollies there are in the world, but there are a great many. I don't know all about how dolls are made, still I do know that they are made, and made mostly for children. Of course, I mean little girls, and I have never met a little girl in all this great big round world but who at some time or other had a little dollie. I wish I could tell you about



all the different kind of dolls I have seen, and there are so many pretty names for dolls. Little girls have about as many names for dollies as boys have names for their dogs. You should never give a doll more than one name. Dolls do not know much about names, anyhow, even a short name will in most cases last as long as a dollie does.

I must tell you about a doll party that your Mama gave when she was a little girl. A great many invitations were sent out; in fact, every little girl in the village was invited, and every little girl came bringing with her one or more dolls. A doll supper was prepared, and, although nearly every dollie came with a new bib or apron of some kind on, not a dollie opened its mouth, and I am going to let you guess who ate the nuts and figs and raisins and other good things. At this doll party, there were many little childish games played, and after supper the dolls were arranged for some kind of services, so they finally agreed to have a doll meeting, and the dollies were seated in chairs, a pulpit was put in shape, made up of some paper boxes; but who would preach? It did not seem well to have a lady doll for a preacher, so a little boy who chanced to happen in, bethought himself that he could supply the needed minister. So, he presented the party the use of his Jumping Jack. "This," said one little girl, "will be just the thing," and they all shouted, "That's all right;" but the Jumping Jack would neither stand up nor lay down, would not sit cross-legged nor look sad; so after several vain efforts on the part of the children to have a church meeting for their dolls, one little girl thoughtfully said: "Girls, this awkward Jack will not do



for a preacher for our little dollies, but I'll tell you what we can do—we can make an Evangelist out of him."

I don't know yet what I am going to write about next time, as much will depend on how Grandma's corns are getting along, and whether she has good luck with her mince pies.

GRANDPA.





### *Letter No. 3.*

*Southland.*

*Well, Grandchildren:*

**I** HAVE so many things to write about, that I hardly know where to commence. I will first tell you about some wicked boys, that came into our yard today and robbed a bird's nest of their little sparrows, and then gave these little birds to some pet eagles to eat alive. These bad boys are the Grandchildren of somebody, and their Grandpa and Grandma will never hear about it; but there is an Eye that never sleeps, and some day these wicked boys will be punished as they should be. It is bad enough to rob a little bird of her eggs, but will you think for a moment, how cruel it would be to take from her the little birds that God had given her. Think how sad this poor mother bird would feel on flying back to her nest with a big fat worm in her mouth to feed her little family of birdies, only to find them gone, and never to be allowed to see them again. How would Papa and Mama feel if they were to leave you alone at home sometime and only go down the street or lane just a little ways, and when they came back, found that some old wicked man had come along and had carried you a long ways off into some dark woods, or they might take you to a place where there is no Father or Mother, and while



it is true, they might not destroy you, as in the case of the young sparrows being fed alive to some eagles, still there are some wicked people in this world who really steal children and keep them hid, hoping that somebody will pay them a whole lot of money when they return the stolen children.

These wicked people sometimes steal grown people, and carry them far away, and will never give them up unless a big sum of money is paid them; but in the case of the little sparrows, their poor grief stricken mother will never see her children again. I pray you, Dear Children, never forget the story of the poor mother bird's dead children. Every bird's nest is a home for some little bird.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 4.

*Southland.*

*One Little Girl and Two Small Boys:*

**T**HERE are more cats at our house than children. We gave four little tabbies away and that left us eleven. Now, we will have enough names to go round; but there is no use in naming more than one cat, for when I call Tom, every cat comes, and they all have something to say, and no one but the old mother cat seems to know what they say. I believe that cats have visiting days, and birthday parties, for I have seen the old mother cat get her kittens all in a bunch, and then lick all her babies faces, and this, I suppose, they call getting ready for church or Sunday school, or a reception of some kind, or possibly a convention. You know that cats behave about as well as men; especially in a political meeting.

When I was a little boy, I owned a black cat, I called him Tab. I used to get Tab in a dark room and rub his fur the wrong way, and Tab's hair would crackle and look like a blaze of fire, and there were a number of cat games. There was "Pussy wants a corner." In this game all the boys and girls of the village could join. Then there was "Two-cornered cat;" and cat with three corners, and sometimes if we could snap school long enough we would



play a game called "Town ball." Well, we can never be young but once. I must tell you a riddle that my Mother told me over sixty years ago; and Mother said it was an old one then. I have remembered it all these years, and I think that I have a right to tell it to my Grandchildren.

As I was going to Saint Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives,  
And every wife had seven sacks,  
And every sack had seven cats,  
And every cat had seven kits.  
Kits, Cats, Sacks and wives,  
Now how many were going to Saint Ives?

Some people ask, what are cats good for anyway? Some people can never see anything good in anything. If I was as queer as some people I would not care to live here, nor anywhere else very long.

Everybody ought to know that cats catch and eat mice, and some cats will kill rats, and nobody likes mice. No one but Chinamen eat rats.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 5.

*Southland.*

*Dear Little Tots:*

♦ I KNOW you will be good children, but I want you to try and not laugh, while I tell you about our chickens. We have fourteen in all, counting big and little, old and middle-aged. Some are spring chickens. We killed one and tried to eat it. Grandma said the chicken must have been here or somewhere else a long time. Old Blue, as we called her, did not come in on a late train. She must have been several springs old. Our little dog Disc had a hard time of it. It took him seven days to finish Old Blue, and then he rested. I don't think we will commence cooking another hen like this one until one week before Thanksgiving. We are going to try and keep little Disc, just to help on aged chickens.

We have thirteen chickens. There are nine hens, and two that are not hens, and a pair of bantams.

Our hens are right good for getting out a lot of eggs. One day we got one and one day we got one more egg than we had hens; but I never expect to be able to tell how it happened. Grandma vowed and declared she would never have any ducks, but said she would like to raise some young chickens, so as to be sure of having



them when quarterly conference came off. So she set one of her hens on a whole nest full of hen's eggs. Mrs. Winthrop, our neighbor, had some ducks, so I told Mr. Winthrop of my plan for playing a joke on Grandma. So, I took out one-half of the hen's eggs and replaced them with duck's eggs. So, after about three weeks, the old hen seemed to know that the little chicks wanted to get out of their shells. So out they came, and there were some chickens sure enough, but there were some of the funniest looking wide-bill and flat-footed chickens you ever heard tell of. I said they were ducks, but Grandma would not believe it, until one day she saw them swimming in a mud puddle, and she never got in a good humor about it until the day before we started to camp meeting.

I used to be a little boy, and had two sisters and three brothers, and we always wished that Easter would come every week.

We used to hide the eggs, so as to have a feast on Easter Sunday. One day before Easter, Mother sent me out after eggs. I came back and reported that I found a lot of hens standing around doing nothing. Now, I have said so much about chickens and eggs, that I am hungry, and if the chickens haven't all gone into the ministry, I think I will have an old-fashioned potpie.

GRANDPA.



## Letter No. 6.

*Southland.*

*Well, Children:*

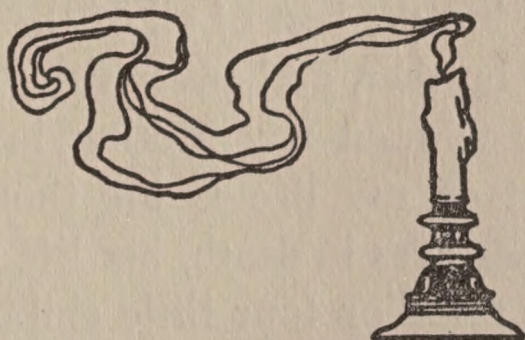
I AM GOING to write something about Easter eggs and ducks. Two little boys came into our house this morning and wanted to buy some Easter eggs—the kind that their Grandma bought of us last week; but we did not have the kind that suited. They wanted blue eggs and red eggs, and all kinds of colored eggs. They said that Grandma told them that our hens laid all kinds of colored eggs. Their sadness at the thought of getting no blue and red eggs was so great that I thought their little hearts would break and bleed. I would have given a dollar apiece for just two colored eggs, rather than to have looked into their little faces and said no. Then one little fellow said “Mister, will you sell me a hen; maybe she will lay us some red eggs.” I took these little men to a corner grocery and bought each of them the biggest stick of red-striped candy I could find.

I drove to the country yesterday. I wish every little boy and girl could live in the country. There are so many things to see. Everything we eat and wear grows in the country. Nearly all of the hen’s nests are in the country, and nearly all the bird’s nests are there. Nearly all the good apples grow in the country, and it beats all how



much home-made fun a boy can have at his Grandpa's home on a farm. Where do all the cows come from, and the little bossies? They all grow up in the country; and oh, so many flowers! I tell you children, Easter only comes once a year; but flowers last all Summer, and just keep on coming. Yesterday, we stopped at a farm house to keep out of the rain. Mrs. Nelson had an old mother duck, and ten little ducks; and she declared they would drown if they stayed out in the rain. So, out she went hunting for the ducks, and after hunting an hour she found old mother duck and her little ducks swimming in a big pond of water in a pasture near the house. The feathers are so thick and close on a duck that they can stay in the water all day and not get wet, and their feet are so wide that they can push themselves along through the water like so many little boats.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 7.

*Southland.*

*Two Little Tads and One Little Tot:*

THESE are more Grandchildren in the United States than all three of you could count in a whole year. In fact everybody has been or was a Grandchild at one time. Every child in the world at one time was Grandpa's and Grandma's Grandchild. It is just funny how many relatives we have. There are our great great grandfather and our great grandfathers, and these are nearly all dead. Then comes Grandpa and Grandma, and then there are our uncles and our aunts. Then there is a whole string of cousins and a whole lot of other people, such as second cousins, and we might go on dividing them up until they would hardly be related to anybody; almost like a little colored girl, who said she didn't belong to anybody. Didn't have any name; that she just growed; but the best of all of these are Papa and Mama, and little brother, and sweet sister. Did you ever think of a home without any Mother in it? The most unhappy thought of my life is the thought of a dear Mother closing her eyes in death, her life and light going out, and leaving three or four little children to be cared for by some people who are neither Father or Mother to anyone. Sometimes hundreds of these little orphan children are gathered together as an old mother hen



gathers her little chicks under her body and wings, and in a home of this kind, some good people pay for all they eat and wear; but the Mother that once clasped them to her breast has gone out until they shall meet again. Yes, we must all die, and it is true that we will all appear again. There is a Hand that never tires; it is the Hand of God. There is an Eye that never sleeps; it is the Eye that watches every little boy and girl in all this wide world. If anything goes wrong with us, if we are in want or in trouble of any kind, the fault is with us, and not with God. Papa and Mama can explain to you many things that your hearts may not fully understand. God is all wise, all powerful, and all good. Still, there are some things that God will not do. There are many things that God intends for you to do; if you put your hand in the fire God will allow the fire to burn you. If you go to Grandpa's house and eat too much of Grandma's raisin pie or too many doughnuts, and you get sick, then you or someone else is in the fault, not God. We sometimes ask God to do too much for us.

I remember a little girl who asked God to send her six new hats. She didn't get any new hats, but her little dog Carl tore up the only hat she had.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 8.

*Southland.*

*One Little Tot and Two Little Dots:*

**T**HERE was a letter in the mail today from your Mama, in which she said the church was getting ready for "Children's Day." You just tell your Mama that the church ought to be ready all the time. When you get older, I want you to read that story in the Bible where five people started out in the dark, without any coal oil in their lamps. And then there is another story that ought to have been in the Good Book; it tells about a man with a lantern looking all around for an honest man.

There was a funny thing happened today, in the street, right in front of our house. Some boys hitched up a dog and a goat to a little wagon. Now, this kind of a team did not match. That is one did not look very much like the other. I think the goat was older than the dog, because of his beard. They had harness and bridles and lines on them. The boys had a whip, but they didn't need a whip. The team did not seem to know what was said to them. The dog's name was Tray, and the goat didn't have any name at all, and if he ever had a name, he didn't want anybody to know it, for he had been caught in bad



company. The dog went entirely too fast for the goat. The dog was a loper, and the Billy Goat was a pacer. The dog barked, but I could not hear what the goat did say about it; almost sounded like swearing. The dog was going too fast for Billy; so when they came to the street corner, the dog tried to turn alright but Billy tried his best to go straight on, and this didn't last long. The wagon smashed into a gate that was hanging open on the sidewalk, and here the driver was thrown out; but it never hurt him until he struck the ground. Billy had gotten himself turned around in the harness, and seemed as if he wanted to go somewhere, and the dog appeared as if he intended going somewhere else. Just at this time three more dogs came along, and Billy did not seem to be in a very good humor about something, so he reared and plunged, and finally broke his bridle, and started pell mell down the street; sometimes the goat was ahead, and sometimes the dog. The goat got behind, but some way caught up. On turning the next corner, the wagon upset, and who do you think was coming up the sidewalk, just at this time? Well, it was Grandma, and, among other things, she had a basket of apples carrying along at arms length, and as the dog and goat passed her, the wagon was still coming on, and when it passed her the basket of apples was in the way, and now I am sure she won't ask me to go to prayer meeting with her again for at least two weeks.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 9.***Southland.**Three Grand Children:*

**S**IXTY YEARS ago my Mother taught me these lines:

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?  
 Yes, my master, three bags full.  
 One for my master, and one for my dame,  
*And one* for a little boy that lives in a lane.

Now, I wonder what little boy the song means. It isn't every little boy in the world that lives in a lane, or on a street, or a farm; but every little boy wears more or less woolen clothes. Let us see what the poet further says about sheep.

Lazy sheep pray tell me why,  
 In the pleasant fields you lie.  
 Eating grass and daisies white,  
 From the morning 'till the night.  
 Everything can something do,  
 But pray what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,  
 Do not serve me so I pray.  
 Don't you see the wool that grows,  
 On my back to make you clothes.  
 (Cold, oh, very cold you'd be,)  
 (If I did not give it thee) *Added.*  
 Little master this is why,  
 In the pleasant fields I lie.



When you come to visit Granpa, I will take you out to the farm.

In a snug white-washed log cabin on the farm live Uncle Jack and Aunt Georgie. You will find horses and cows, and little calves. We call a calf Bossy. Then there are hogs; yes, little bits of hogs, we call them pigs. In the log cabin live old Uncle Jack and his wife, Aunt Georgie. They used to have a whole lot of little pickaninnies, but these children all grew up and moved away; so Uncle Jack and Aunt Georgie are living alone. These old people are black. That is, their skin is colored dark; some are really black, and their hair is so curly. Well, we call it wool in Southland.

Every little pickaninny is a little black boy or colored girl. Some people say they are black because they didn't obey their father and mother, and stayed out in the sun a long time without hats or bonnets; but I believe God made them so.

I started out in this letter to tell you children something about sheep. Aunt Georgie takes care of the log cabin, and Uncle Jack takes care of the sheep. I am sure you children will say that sheep are the prettiest things in the world, and this you will say of the little lambs—the baby sheep. Now, every little boy is a wriggler, but no boy can wriggle like a little sheep's tail. All these little sheep get their breakfast, and dinner and supper just like you did when you were little bits of children. When Spring time comes, Uncle Jack gets all the sheep in a pen close by a pond, and catches one at a time and puts them in the pond



and gives them a bath just like Mama does you. It takes a whole year for wool to grow on a sheep's back, and this washing is done to make the wool white and clean. When the sheep get dry, then Uncle Jack takes a big pair of scissors and cuts all the wool off; and then they look so funny. The little lambs do not know their own Mamas, except by their talk. All sheep can talk sheep talk, and the little baby sheep seem to know what their mothers say. But what becomes of the wool that came from the sheep's back? It goes to a great mill, and there is woven into cloth of many kinds and all colors, and then our Mamas make so many nice things for little dots like you to wear, and this is why God gave us so many sheep.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 10.**

*Southland.*

*Well, Tots:*

I HAVE not written you anything for sometime about our little dog Disc. He is a real funny fellow, and is about as wide one way as he is another way. We allowed him to stay in the house one cold night last week, and, among other things left in the room with him, was a large basket of clean linen, among which were sheets, socks, hose, handkerchiefs, etc. Sometime during the night Disc upset the basket, dragged the contents all over the floor, and many of the things were more or less chewed up, and all that was not ruined had to be put in the wash again, and Grandma at once sent word to the Missionary Society that she would not be able to attend the regular meeting that afternoon, and now poor little Disc sleeps all alone in what we call the lumber room.

I don't know what will become of poor little Disc. The colored cook says he has more fleas on him than good qualities in him. This afternoon, just as Elsie the cook had finished a nice tray of doughnuts, and had placed them on the table to cool, Disc pulled and tugged at the



tablecloth until he dragged tray, doughnuts and all down on the dining-room floor, and now Disc will have to live on doughnuts for a whole week.

Grandma vowed she would rather take care of seven Grandchildren, than to raise one little dog; but when poor little Disc stole into the room looking as if he had been a bad little dog, and with seventeen shakes in every wag of his tail, Grandma gave up, and went and got him a dish of warm milk, and actually put sugar in it. I gave the colored cook a five-cent bale of snuff, and now she says upon her blessed honor, that she will never abuse poor little Disc again, and now that Grandma is alright, and Disc is alright with the cook, still I fear he is soon to have trouble with our eleven cats, and when they have a battle, and everything has an end, I will write you all about it.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 11.**

*Southland.*

*Little Grand Tots:*

**J**UST as I expected, little Disc has had trouble with the kittens. We undertook to feed Disc and the cats from the same dish. The cats did not like the looks of Disc. Now, Disc does not look like a cat, still he has four legs and four feet, two eyes, and one tail just like a cat; but he looks more like a little baby cub bear. Well, Disc went to helping himself, and in his great hurry picked out the biggest piece of meat on the plate. The old mother cat lifted her paw and gave the dog a slap on his ear; but Disc paid no attention to the lick as his coat of hair is very thick, pussy did not hurt him. Then she bowed her back and arched her tail, and said something that all the rest of the cats understood, and then about three stuck their claws into him at once. Disc saw at once that there were too many cats for one little dog, and as there were no other little dogs near, he got close to the floor, turned his head away from the cats, and put his paws up over his ears, as if to say, come on, and thus ended the first fight. When dinner came, Disc was on hand. The food was emptied in a large dish, but neither dog nor cats seemed hungry. Disc looked at the dish and made a move as if to help himself, when old puss raised her paw as if to strike; then Disc raised his paw and



ducked his head; puss made a lick at him and he dodged it; then the old mother cat gave a scream, and all at once every cat looked like a fighter. Disc growled, and every cat bent their backs almost double. Old puss then said something, and all at once every cat jumped at the little bear dog. Disc snapped and snarled; he just bit right and left; every cat was doing their very best to whip poor little Disc. He turned and twisted, sometimes on his back and then on his stomach. Sometimes he had his head in front and sometimes his tail. Disc got hold of one of the best fighters that old pussy had, and the cat cried like a little whipped boy. Some of the cats kept up their spite and spit. Cat fur and dog hair lay around in patches. Disc was fighting for his dinner and would not give up. The cats now saw that this was a lost cause, and left in a hurry, and now Disc and the cats eat out of the same dish, but Disc eats first.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 12.**

*Southland.*

*Grandpa's Tots:*

**I** HAVE just returned from a great city, where there are many thousands of children. I saw that one-half of the people in this world do not know how the other half live, or what they have to eat. There are many children in this great city that never tasted sugar, or have ever seen anything that looked the least bit like Grandma's preserves. If one of these poor children was offered a glass of milk, they would most likely think that it was some kind of medicine. In one small room away up stairs, I found a father and mother and seven small children, two of whom were sick, and the father lay on his dying bed; yes, dying of consumption. The oldest of these children, a little girl, was the only one that could in any way help the mother. Their mother was at work making overalls at three cents a pair, and coarse working shirts at four cents each. I learned that some of these poor people worked for less wages. The little girl was sewing on buttons. The only fuel in the room was a few bits of charcoal, and these were used to heat a small sheet iron stove on which the mother warmed her irons to press the overalls.



None of these children had ever been in the country, did not know that there was such a thing as a cow, or horse, or a little pig. They had never walked on green grass, had never heard a wild bird sing; didn't even know who lived in the room across the hall, or on either side. Some one had given them a Bible, and this was the only book in the home. There were two shapeless beds, and in one corner of the room was a pile of straw and some ragged pieces of covering. In this bed of straw and rags, two little boys slept at night. It was Saturday afternoon, and there was not a mouthful of anything to eat in the house. The mother said she would receive late in the day all that she had earned during the week; which would only be one dollar and forty-seven cents, and some of this, she said, would have to go for medicine for her sick husband.

And these little children are the Grandchildren of some Grandpa, and to think, too, not one of them had ever had a pair of shoes, had never heard of a Sunday school, had never been told that there was a "Black man" that would carry bad children away. No Santa Claus had ever been in this home. I tried to tell them of God, and that God had sent me there to give each of them some money. Now, Children, I wish you would ask Papa to keep missionary money for our own people, and say "Mountains and the Coral Strand" are a long away off.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 13.**

*Southland.*

*Grand Dots:*

**W**ELL, here I am again, writing a letter to Grandpa's Grandchildren. This time I am going to write about horses. Some little girls do not care very much for horses, but all boys love horses and dogs. Long years ago I was a little boy. My Papa had an old-fashioned pair of leather saddlebags. My Father attended to a large herd of cattle, and he salted these cattle every week, and counted them to see if any had got out of the pasture. Sometimes I would ride behind until I would fall asleep, and then he would place me around in front, and hold me on his lap. At one time after he had emptied all the salt out of one side of the saddlebags, he put me in the empty bag and covered me up. Then he rode up in front of our home, and Mother came out to see her little boy; but no little boy could be found. It was a hot summer day, and I began to feel about as warm as a setting hen. Mother was scared; yes, excited at the loss of her first-born little boy. I could see the tears streaming from her eyes, as I peeped through a small crack in the old saddlebags.

Mother was crying and, at the same time, telling Father that he was cruel to punish her in that way. I couldn't stand it a minute longer; young as I was, I felt that a little fellow like me could have no better friend than Mother.



Papa saw that I had poked my head out of the bag and was turning the horse around, so Mother could not see me; but the old Dollie mare seemed to almost understand the trick, and in turning around, made more of a turn than Papa expected, and I was brought squarely around in full view, and there I was right in full sight of Mama, sitting down in the old saddlebags, with my little black head just above the cover. Papa lifted me up, and I didn't wait to be helped any farther, but just jumped into Mother's arms. The next day Father was mowing the yard, and I was wearing my first pants. Down at the back end of the yard was a small pond of water, with a mud bottom. My Papa waded into it to show me that the water was not deep, and in this way got me to try my new breeches. I waded out and back again a few times until the water became very muddy. Finally, I fell down in the middle of the pond, and went clear under, and how much farther, I could not tell. I was not old enough to swim, but I was a wriggler, and I wriggled out, but Oh! such a sight. I was the color of mud, and my new pants! Both Father and Mother gathered me up, and I was put through some kind of a fresh-water scrubbing, and that night Mother sat up until a late hour, making me a new pair of pantaloons. I started out in this letter to write you something about horses, but I got to thinking of some things that happened to me when I was a little boy.

I believe I am getting to be like some preachers, who always take a text, but never preach from it.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 14.**

*Southland.*

*Three Little Children with Six Bright Eyes:*

**Y**OUR PAPA writes me that he has carefully kept all the letters I have written you. Now, here is a happy thought. I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'll just keep on writing to my little Tots for several weeks; yes, as long as we live, and after a while I will get all the letters together and have them printed in a pretty bound book, with Grandpa's picture on one of its pages. I will get a great number of these books, and I will call the book, "LETTERS FROM GRANDPA;" and then I will offer them for sale to any little boy and girl in all this great country of ours. And in this way I hope to make many other children happy. I will try to make every word a sentence, and every sentence a whole chapter, and every letter a volume.

I am going to write to you today about the stars. I was looking at them last night, and there are so many, oh! so very many, when there are no clouds, and this space above our heads is free and clear of all mist or



frost or snow or rain; then we can see more stars than we can count.

When I was a little boy, I thought stars were angel eyes, peeping down from Heaven, to see what little boys and girls were doing. It wasn't hard for me to believe it, and I have often since wished it were true. Stars are all worlds and, no doubt, very much like this world of ours. Some of the stars are smaller than this world, and some are many thousand times larger than the earth on which we live. If there are any people living on these stars, I expect our world looks like a star to them. Some great men say that some of these great big stars will be Heaven sometime. That all good people when they die will go to the biggest, best, and brightest stars; and bad people, when they die, will be sent somewhere else. I want all children who read my book to think of all these things. I am sure that all little children want to go to Heaven when they die, and have a home in Heaven. But let us stop and think a minute; let us do all we can to make heaven out of our home here, and then we can be in heaven all the time.

Some clear night you should ask your Papa or Mama to show you in the heavens what is called "The Milky Way." My Mother told me it was the milk-maid's path. This milky way extends a long way across the heavens. The stars in this path are so thick and so very far away, that we cannot see them with the naked eye. There are millions of worlds in this path; great clusters of stars so thick that we cannot see through them or around them, and it looks like a thin white strip of clouds. Men of



learning, with great telescopes, tell us all about these things. Some of my little readers will be great men some day, and will learn all about the stars.

Sometime I am going to write something about what little girls can do, and will stop here and there long enough to speak of women.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 15.

*Southland.*

*Well, Dots, here we are again:*

I THOUGHT Grandma's corns were a good deal better, but she got one of those funny almanacs, and she read so much about ill<sup>s</sup> and aches and Vermifuge and Rheumacide, finally she decided to try a plaster, and I fastened it to her pleurisy side while she was leaning over the bed rail, and unless we can get the plaster off, she can never lean back or stand straight again. I complained a little of having a pain in my left arm about half way between my elbow and my right knee joint, and she wanted me to take some Peruna, that she was using for baldness, but I told her I was afraid to take medicine. It nearly always made me sick. My Mother told me when I was a little boy that the best medicine in the world for little children, was Catnip Tea; but as I now remember I never called very much for that kind of tea.

When I was a little fellow, I had two little sisters and three good-sized brothers, and there came a time one cold Winter when we had a lively time. I'll tell you the truth Children, we had the scratches, and I am sure your Papa remembers all about when he itched a little. It wasn't



mumps nor measles we had, nor whooping cough. Well, our Mother tried about all the remedies found in the family almanac; but that almanac didn't know a bit more about the itch, than it did about the weather. So, Mother tried an Old Hard-Shell Baptist remedy. She got some poke root and boiled up enough for the whole family. I was the oldest, and of course the root juice was poked on to me first. I was determined to laugh, if I could, and say but little. A little brother standing by asked if it hurt. I grinned and said that it made me feel warm. His time came next, and he disrobed and boldly stepped into the tub; but when the poke got fairly rooted into the itchy places, he commenced yelling like a big Injun, and at one leap jumped twice as far as a scared bull frog. He yelled, he screamed, and didn't call me brother until we had been to Sunday school two or three times. So, after about ten days we all went back to school, but the health of the other children was not first rate. Whole families staid away from school for days and days; and the children all seemed to act so strange when I asked them why they hadn't been to school. I tell you, Grandchildren, we had some scratchy times.

GRANDPA.





*Letter No. 16.**Southland.**Grandchildren:*

**S**INCE I have decided to have my letters in a book, I now feel as if I was writing to all the children in America. My desire is to help every little boy and girl to be good. If all children try—try to be good, and look good, and see good, and act good, then the world will soon be full of better men and better women. Before telling you something more about our little dog Disc, and the chickens, and Kate the pony, I want to tell you something funny about a man living in Texas. His name is Hogg. This man is not a hog; only they named him Hogg. I am told that he is a very good man, and very fond of children. I am also told that he has a good wife, and she too loves all little children. Now, if you were living on a farm you would say that hogs raise little pigs; but not so in this case. This family of Hoggs raised four children, and Papa Hogg, and Mama Hogg, and Grandma and Grandpa Hogg thought these four children were the prettiest and sweetest little tots in Texas. There are three girls and one boy, and I know you will laugh when I tell you their names—Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg, Isa Hogg and Will B. Hogg. If any



more little Hoggs get into this family I will write you all about them. I was out to the farm today and I was sure that our old cow Cherry had found a little calf; but Old Jack and I could not find it. Cherry had hid her little baby calf in some tall, dry grass. So I called on our dog Disc, and said "sick 'em Disc." And old Cherry started in a straight line for her baby; and sure enough, in the tall, dry grass we found little bossy; fast asleep. I expect the little calf's mother told it to stay there until she could look around and get something to eat. All little calves are like little bits of children; all fond of milk. I know little John would laugh if he could see a baby calf getting its supper. They just go about getting their supper almost exactly like baby children do.

My letter is already too long, but I must tell you that Grandma is getting ready for your visit here this summer; for I heard her tell the grocer this morning that next month three little bright-eyed Grandchildren were coming here from away out West, and we would need more eggs and lots of sugar and ginger snaps; and just then, Grandma's corns commenced to pain her, and she said so much about corns that the grocer sent her a small load of corn, and now we have enough feed for Kitty and the chickens to last a whole month.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 17.***Southland.**Sanford, Nellie, and John, and All the Rest:*

**Y**OUR MAMA writes some very funny things about you children. Little Santa, on hearing his Papa read my letter about our little dog Disc, asked him how he would like to be a good little dog like that. An old German saloon keeper said that his dog would some day be a great deal happier than his master. I fear I am going to fail to interest you little folks today. I would say something about inspiration, but it is too big a word to be fully understood; but I will say this much, with me, it means that I feel more like writing some days than I do at other times. When you are older your Papa will explain. The good men that wrote the Bible were inspired. That is, God told them what to say; and I believe that good men are still inspired. Yesterday we thought that Spring had really come, as several song birds were singing in the large trees near our house; but how changed is everything today. The ground is covered with snow, and the white flakes are falling, Oh, so fast; and now, what will become of the poor little birds? Do you know where the little birds get their food in Winter? I'll tell you. Some people say that they do not like weeds, but do you know, Grandchildren, that on these very same weeds there grows a whole lot of seeds, and these seeds when ripe fall to the ground, and the sharp little eyes of these pretty little birds just look



and scratch up the ground until they find enough seed for their dinner. So in this way God provides food for the little birds; but now that the seeds are all covered with snow, they will have to wait until the warm sun melts the snow. If you children have a microscope, and sometime when the snow is falling take a piece of dark paper, and let a snowflake fall gently on the paper, then look at this flake of snow through the glass you will see a great big house that looks like a crystal palace.

There are a great many poor people in this world, and nearly all of them suffer when there is a snowstorm. Very few of these poor people ever have very much wood or fuel of any kind. Many poor children have no shoes and can't go out to enjoy a sleigh ride, or to coast down a long hill on a hand sled, or press the snow together in their hands and have battles with snowballs. None of these little boys can go skating or rabbit hunting.

Can you children think of some poor family living in your town, or in the country, and can't you gather up some of your old shoes, and cast off clothing, and take them over to their poor home? And if you have an old sled or a little wagon or a little dollie, then gather up all of these things, and go at once to such a home and make these poor children comfortable and happy, and you will be happier, and God's promise to reward you will never fail.

I am going to close this letter by saying: tell your Papa to read from that great big book what the Savior said about little children.

GRANDPA.



## Letter No. 18.

Southland.

Dear Chicks:

I WROTE you one month ago, right in the middle of a snowstorm, but now everything is so changed. The snow is all gone. The buds on the trees are spreading into leaves. The grass is fresh and green, and all reminds me of a little rhyme I learned at school when I was a little school boy. As I remember the rhyme ran along in this way:

The lark is up to meet the sun,  
The bee is on the wing,  
The ant her labors have begun,  
The woods with music ring.

I think Springtime is here, and I'll tell you why it's a sure sign. I saw Grandma in the back yard this morning "Bilin' " soap; and then she has a sign of her own that she says never fails. She puts the ashes in a hopper and then pours water on the ashes, and when the water runs down through the ashes, she calls it lye, and then to test the strength of the lye, she puts an egg in the lye, and she says the egg will either sink or swim every time. I gave Grandma a last year's almanac, and after reading some of



the corn remedies, she said that the moon was alright, and tomorrow we will make garden. I told her it was alright to sow lettuce in the moon, as we would never see any thing of it again; besides I didn't like lettuce no how. We sowed turnips last Fall so as to have early greens. Grandma decided that she would never plant potatoes in the dark of the moon again. We did that last year, and the bugs eat them all up. It just seemed as if the potato bugs were setting around on the fences waiting for the potatoes to come up, so that they could have an early breakfast, or a first class dinner on potato tops.

Last year, Grandma got fooled on her radish seed—yes, she got fooled badly, and the man she bought the seed of sang in the choir. The seed came up alright and grew right along, but our radishes turned out to be old-fashioned Touch-me-not flowers, and for half the Summer I never could get Grandma to go to church early. She didn't seem to want to go inside until the minister was giving out his text. I am expecting a lively time tomorrow making garden.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 19.

*Southland.*

*Two Grandsons and One Granddaughter:*

WELL, we had a time making garden. I hired a colored man, Robb, and he played his part very well, for I think he robbed us of as much garden seed as I used to see at a County Fair when I was a boy. I had received a great lot of seed from the Hon. ———, a member of Congress, besides having bought several packages of seed from our neighbors, who also had been supplied from Washington, and after all these had been planted, Grandma concluded that she wanted another onion bed, and a few more radishes, and now that the garden seeds are all in the ground except some late tomato and cabbage plants, I just know I am going to have some argument with Grandma about setting some hens. She always wants to set certain hens. She says that certain hens are like some women, make better mothers than others. It never does to cross Grandma when it comes to setting a hen, unless I want her to stay home from the prayer meeting. She never goes to church when she is in a bad humor. Grandma always sets a hen after the sun goes down. She says that the little chicks



will nearly all be roosters. She told Mrs. Davis this afternoon that nearly all her chickens went into the ministry.

We will expect you children here next month. I have told all the children in the neighborhood of your coming. Our little dog Disc will be glad to see you. When I have been away from home a day or two, and return home he seems so glad to see me, that in wagging his tail he almost lifts his hind feet off of the ground.


Disc is boss of all the chickens; but when the little chicks get out of their egg shells, and their mother leads them out in the sunshine, then Mr. Disc will have to hunt a hiding place, because one old mother hen can whip ten dogs.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 20.***Southland.**My Little Wee Small Tots:*

 RANDMA has been sick for two weeks; not bad sick, but just sick enough to be kept out of the kitchen. And our old colored cook hasn't had any kind of bread but soda biscuits—equal parts of soda and flour. I am going to make two wishes. First, I wish everybody was rich. Our neighbor, McGonigle, joins me in this wish, and says if everybody was rich that the poor would be much better off. The second wish is, that all you people living in the North would come down South and stay a month or two, and then I am sure if you did not fall in love with the Sunny South and remain here, you would go back home and quit wasting sympathy on the black man. A great many children in the North never saw a black man. Now a black man is a person who has a black skin, and why the good Lord made him black I do not know. The hair on their head is not hair, it's more like wool, and, Oh, so curly and nappy! It's hard for me to explain how these black people comb their heads. Some of them must use a currycomb. These black people never forget anything, because they never learn anything. This black race lived in a country across the great ocean for five thousand years, and never dug up a diamond;



never made a plow or a hoe, or a sail boat; never built a school house. A long time ago some blacks were brought to this country, and were settled in a northern state. These black people cannot stand cold weather. So they were sold to some men who took them down South, and now there are a great many of these people. Grandma's Great Aunt came down here some years ago from the North. She staid with us eleven months. When she first came here, she wanted to give these black people all she had. She said these poor people ought to have the honey, and the honey was sent; but when Aunt Sallie left here, she said beeswax was good enough for "Niggers." I may be a little bit selfish, but I wouldn't give my three little blue-eyed Grandchildren for a forty acre field full of black pickaninnies. Aunt Sallie wanted to know why colored people were not all of one color. I said to her that the sun down here shines only in streaks. When you Grandchildren grow older, I will tell you more about colored people.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 21.

*Southland.*

### *Three Little Wrigglers:*

THE LAST that will ever be seen of some of our garden seed was when the seed was planted in the ground, and now we will have to hire Robb and go through the robbing process again. The weather was too cold. Grandma decided that the sign in the moon was alright, and I contended that even the poor old Ground-hog knew more about the weather here than the man in the moon. I think I will stop right here and tell you children something about Ground-hogs. A Ground-hog is not exactly a hog. A hog lives on the ground, and a Ground-hog lives in the ground. That is he digs a hole in the ground when Winter comes on and he crawls in and stays there until the second day of February, then he comes out and looks around. If the sun is shining, then he sees his shadow. Then he goes back into his Winter bed, and stays there forty days. I have not seen a Ground-hog since I was a little boy, in the state of Ohio. I am sure you would know a Ground-hog if you were to see one, as they have a snout long and slim enough to drink buttermilk out of a jug. If the second day of February is cloudy all day, this ground animal gives up his Winter home, and we are allowed to think that Winter has



ended—and if the second day of next February is a sunny day, there won't be any seed planted in our garden for at least forty days. The moon is a long ways from the earth. We can always tell better how it has been, than how it is going to be. Did you children get any Valentines? There is one day in every year called "St. Valentine's Day." I don't know who made him a Saint, or when he died. I will look that matter up later. It's the fashion just before Valentine day, to go to the book stores and buy such picture valentines as you want, and mail them to other people. A quarrelsome neighbor of ours got one of those horrible picture valentines. It pictured him as being in his chicken yard, surrounded by a lot of old hens, and he looked like a bantam hen-pecked husband. Grandma got a valentine. It was a picture of an old lady living in a great big shoe. There was a little bit of poetry printed just under the picture. It said:

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many Grandchildren, she didn't know what to do.

I got a valentine, too. The picture showed Grandpa hoeing in the garden. A bear came along, and I climbed on top of the fence, and Grandma killed the bear; and when the neighbors came in I got down off the fence and I wasn't altogether suited with the picture.

GRANDPA



*Letter No. 22.**Southland.**Dear Little Toddlers:*

**Y**OUR MAMA writes me that two of you are in the Kindergarten school. If any one should have asked me when I was a little boy anything about "Kidagarden," I would have said that we had a garden just like other people, or else I might have taken the fellow for a Dutchman. I used to think that a Kindergarten was a school for bad boys, but instead it is a place for little tots who are too small and too young to be placed where larger boys and girls attend. I am old now, and am not very well up on these baby schools, but I expect that it pays to have somebody to take care of small children, and call it a "Kindergarten," or flower garden, or garden of any kind. Well, now since I commenced writing about those little schools I have just crawled back in my mind about sixty years, and wish I could have been placed in one of those garden schools. If I could commence life over again, I would surely take in that kind of infant baptism. Well, I can't help thinking about Kindergarten. I remember now that when some people build a house they call one room "The Nursery." We had a nursery in our home when your Mama was a little girl, and how she and her little neighbor playmates would play



for hours and hours, dressing dolls; playing visit and keep school, and then, too, I remember when they would go out doors and play in the sand and make mud pies, and all these things carry me back to boyhood days. My Mother used to say that girls were better than boys. I was a boy then, and for that reason thought boys were the best. I have a picture that is over fifty years old. It is called "Up for repairs." It is a picture of a little boy who while playing, had torn the sleeve nearly off of his shirt. There is a little girl in this same picture, a sister, and she, with needle and thread, is trying to sew it up, and thus save poor brother from a whipping when Mama comes home. It was only this morning that two well-dressed little boys came to our back door and asked for something to eat. I was sure they had "snapped" school. That is, they had left home in the morning, and started in the direction of the school house, and like all bad boys their trick was to beg something to eat, and remain out of school all day, going home at night, and thus allow their parents to believe that they had been in the school-room all day. Children listen to me. Every little boy and girl ought to be a soldier. Now that may sound funny—what I mean is, let every boy and girl stand up and say I am going to tell the truth, I am going to do right.

GRANDPA.



*Letter No. 23.**Southland.**Three Growing Children:*

WONDER what I am going to write about this time? Something that will interest Grandchildren. Some will say that most anything will interest a child. Granting that to be true, yet on the other hand a little harsh word will sometimes sadden the hopes of a little tiny crisp and tender heart of a child. If I ever promised a child of mine a whipping or punishment of some kind, I never failed to fulfill that promise, for by so doing I had their confidence, and when I promised them a present they never had a doubt about getting it. Since having decided to publish these letters in book form, I feel as if I ought to be talking to Father and Mother, as well as to be writing to children, and I feel sometimes as if my letters were assuming or taking on a kind of sentiment beyond the comprehension of little minds. One of the objects in writing these letters, is to interest parents, as well the child who sits on Papa's knee, or the heart of the little one that beats close to Mama's only a little quicker. I desire to say to every Father and Mother of children who chance to read these letters and do not give out an approving response to every page, every sentence,



if they will make their objections known, and return the book, I will replace it with some other work, but not an edition of Crusoe or Bluebeard.

We are now counting the weeks that are to pass before you and Mama return to the old homestead, and by and by we will be counting the days, and later on the hours, and then will come the day on which the train will arrive. Grandma and I will be at the station with Kitty and the buggy; but let me see, I wonder if the pony can haul all of us. There will be six of us. I'll just tell Kitty who you all are, and what I want her to do, and I know she will do her very best. Grandma is already saving up eggs. I saw Jack putting up a swing in the backyard this morning, and I know that, that means something more than old folks.

There will be much for you children to see and do. Some of our old hens are getting smart. In the pony's pasture lot are some high weeds, and these smart old chickens have hid themselves in these high weeds. I suppose they have done so to keep us from finding their eggs, and when you children get here, you and Grandpa will start on an egg hunt, and if Grandma don't do the fair thing we will get out behind the wood pile and I will be a boy again, just long enough to show you how I used to do when I was a little boy. Now, don't worry Mama about the visit, but come on the fast train.

GRANDPA.



*Letter No. 24.**Southland.**Grandpa's Grand Tots:*

**I** THOUGHT my last letter would be the last before your visit home, but I was in Charleston, South Carolina, last week, and I felt that I wanted to tell you children some of the things I saw and heard while in that quiet old town. There is an old church there built in Seventeen hundred and fifty-three. The bricks were brought over from England. It is called St. George's Episcopal church. The Grandfathers that built that church are all dead, and all their children, and many of their grandchildren. On one side of this old city is the great ocean. There is so much water in the ocean, and it is so wide that you can't see the end of it. About two miles out from the mainland stands old Fort Sumter. You must ask Papa to tell you something about Sumter. It was here that the first gun of a great war was fired, and the fire of that gun fired the hearts of many thousands of people; yes, even into the millions. It was a cruel, heartless, needless war. Many thousands of good men were killed on both sides. It was all about the black man.



Your Grandpa was a soldier in that war. I carried a sword and never missed a fight or a foot race. It's better to make a good run than a bad stand. I have a sword that I carried through all that bloody war; and I want this sword to be handed down from Son to Grandson and from Grandson to Great Grandson, and so on. Children, what would you think of an army of One hundred and fifty thousand men getting mad about a lot of black people, and while they were mad, just standing up and shooting at each other for two days and nights, until twenty-five thousand of them were either killed or dying? When you are older, I will tell you more about war. While in Charleston I walked down to the wharf or landing place where sailboats and even large ocean steamers come right alongside a dock, so as to allow passengers to get on and off the vessel.

It was here I saw an old darkie fishing with a hook and line. I asked this old colored man if the fishing was good. "No, sah," said he, "It am not berry good;" but, said I, "You are catching fish." "Yes, sah," said he, as he took a large fish from his hook and threw it back into the water, "Dem fish am not good, Massa." "Why not?" said I. The old man said: "Dey is Baptist fish." "What is the matter with Baptist fish?" said I, drawing a little closer to the old fisherman; and then the old black man said: "Dey is not good, Boss, kase dey spiles as soon as dey are out of de water." Some years ago there was a great earthquake in this city. An earthquake is something that causes the earth to shake and tremble, and the ground rocks and rolls, and sometimes houses fall to the



ground. We do not know what is away down in the inside of this great big world of ours; but all these things remind us that there is a great power somewhere.

I just put these things in my letter and I know you will not forget what I have said, and when you are older, there will be other books for you to read, in which many wonders of this and other worlds will be talked about, at great length. This letter is long already.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 25.**

*Southland.*

*Little Ideals:*

**M**AMA writes us that you all got home without a scratch or scar, and that is saying a good deal for three bright, brisk, and frisky little children. I am sure Papa was glad to see his little Tots again. It is too soon to begin talking or planning your return next year. A home without children is a place where two old people stay. Since you children left for home, I have been giving more attention to flowers and shade trees. Our trees have grown so very fast, and our flowers; I am sure we have had ten thousand nasturtiums here in Southland.

We have roses in our yards and gardens ten months in the year. First, in the Spring comes the Narcissus and the Violets, and last of all come the Chrysanthemums. I almost wonder sometimes if trees get tired, like little children. They grow so fast, I am sure that children get tired. It seems that two or three of our neighbors have little ones that never have time to get tired; for get up as early as you will, you can hear them crying, and when night comes on their faces are so dirty; well, I guess they are so dirty that they can't shut their eyes, and just keep on crying. My dear old Father used to say: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Now, who ever thought of these words first, knew what he was talking about. Trees grow all Summer, then they stop and rest all Winter long; getting ready for a new start when



Spring comes. I have seen children laugh and play all day. Let me see if I remember some of the games that were played when I was a little boy. There was tag and black man, base and skin the cat. There was hide and seek, and thimble, thimble, whose got the thimble. Yes, and there was marbles. Now, I don't think so well of marbles. I have seen some little boys fall out, quarrel and almost fight about who should have the "First shoot," or that Jack had not "Knuckled down," or Billy had "Fudged;" but the worst thing about a game of marbles is, "Playing keeps;" for this is gambling, and gambling has ruined thousands of homes. You are too young to understand much about gambling; but boys, listen to what Grandpa says—keep away from that "Game of keeps."

Gambling leads on to lying, cheating, and stealing; and often men who gamble, kill each other. I want to tell every child to tell everybody who cuts down a tree that another should be planted. Soon, yes, very soon, nearly all our beautiful trees will be gone, and then what are we going to do for lumber?

Do you children weary Papa and Mama with my letters? Well, just keep on. I want older people, as well as children, to read my letters. There is something in every letter that appeals to parents as well as to children. God said: "Go, work in my vineyard." We all have a mission to perform. My heart goes out toward the little ones. It's hard to do anything with an old sinner; get the children in line, and then keep them there, and thus make better men and nobler women. With prayers and good wishes.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 26.**

*Southland.*

*Dear Little Folks:*

**I**T HAS been six months since our little dog Disc made his first bow-wow to us; but now, he is a great big dog, and he has learned so many funny tricks; he does about everything, but talk, and he makes noises as if trying to talk. I suppose we could call it dog talk. I don't suppose he will ever learn to talk any better. You know that babies have their way of talking. I have just read such a pretty piece about a baby. I would give the author's name, but none was added:

"Are babies worth what they cost? A man or a woman who would ask that question, is to be pitied. Bless their little hearts. The dividends they pay each day, exceed their cost, by as many thousand per cent as there are dimples in their faces, and smiles on their lips.

"The slightest touch of a baby's hand is ample compensation for all the pain and tears and heart aches and financial investments it brings. A man or woman who would stop to consider what the baby cost while looking into its eyes, or listening to its cooing, would talk through their noses, to save wear and tear on their teeth, or tiptoe down stairs to save wear on shoe heels. Are babies worth what they cost? The sight of a baby's smiling face at the



window can make bright and glorious the finish of a day, begun in mental anguish and loaded with financial difficulties. The prattling welcome at the door could no more be measured in dollars and cents, than the love of God could be measured by finite minds.

“Are babies worth what they cost? Ask the Mother and Father who are weeping beside the little coffin that holds the mortal remains of the little one that brightened their home a brief span, and catch the answer in their broken sobs and moans. All that they have, and all that they ever expect to have in this world, would they give just to call back to life for one brief day the little one too soon to be consigned to the bosom of Mother Earth. Worth what they cost? As an investment, they cost a few dollars in money, and a few hours of pain and tears, but they return dividends of hope and love and light every day through the span of eternity.

“Are babies worth what they cost? We would pity the babe given into the keeping of a husband and wife who could quit looking into its eyes, and fondling its chubby little form long enough to ask themselves that question.

“As a matter of fact, we cannot believe that any real Father or Mother ever asked such a foolish question.”

GRANDPA.

---

NOTE.—I am of the opinion that the above originated with “The Commoner.”



**Letter No. 27.**

*Southland.*

*Well Dots:*

**S**UMMER has come and gone. The chilly night wind and the crisp morning are reminders that Winter is not far off. The grain on the plantation has all been cut, threshed, and put away in the barn; and the lambs have grown to be great big sheep, and they don't get dinner the same way, or the same kind of supper they did when you children were here; and the little bossy calf—well, that calf seemed to get ashamed of tugging away at its Mama for milk, and now it eats grass and hay and fodder, just like its mother.

Old Uncle Jack and Aunt Georgie and their six little black pickanninnies seem to miss you children so very much. Every time I see these little black kinky-headed darkies, they all say: "When am Missus Cootie gwine to fotch dem chillin back? De 'simmons all getting ripe and we's sho to hab 'em sum." I have a joke that will hang on to Grandma about as long as she lives. Old Aunt Georgie named one of these little blacks for Grandma. Now, it took me about four days to find out whether she liked it or not. When she first heard of it, she had the broom in her hands, and I noticed she commenced flailing the cats, and said something about "Niggers." But Mrs. Davis happened in that evening and Grandma told her



what had happened, and Mrs. Davis said: "That is always a sign of good luck here in the South;" besides Grandma didn't have but one namesake, and it would not hurt to have two, even if one was the color of a faded out black dress; and the next time Uncle Jack came in with his mule and wagon that I gave him without the hope of reward, I noticed him loading up a cradle and some bundles of cast-off clothing. Now, Uncle Jack is a Methodist, and Grandma is a Baptist; and Grandma wants her little namesake baptized right. So, I had to make terms with Uncle Jack and Aunt Georgie, and they agreed that the little Nell should be a Baptist. I said to Uncle Jack, that about the only difference between the Methodists and Baptists was about three feet and a half of water; and now that all these little troubles have been fixed up, I notice that Grandma pays better attention to the sermons.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 28.**

*Southland.*

*The Children that Grandpa Writes to:*

**T**HANKSGIVING has come and gone. We have a new cook, and Grandma trusted her to make the doughnuts, and sure enough they were dough, and what made matters worse, the minister took dinner with us. Our cook is so black that a bit of charcoal would make a plain mark on her face. She was directed to prepare some tea for the occasion, and in doing so, she mistook sassafras bark for real tea. She was told to stuff and bake the turkey. She stuffed it all right, and then boiled it, and, to my surprise, Grandma didn't turn her off until after the minister had fairly gotten out of the front gate. In the evening we were persuaded to attend services at the Salvation Army Hall. It seemed as if there were about as many speakers as preachers; and sing, yes, everybody could sing, and did sing. There were twelve little children arranged to sing some special pieces, and among the hymns they sang was an appeal to older people. The title was: "Saved a poor sinner like me." During the singing I noticed that several aged men wept bitterly. At the conclusion of the song, one of them arose and said: "One year ago I was in a saloon until a late



hour at night; I staggered home drunk, there to find a heart-broken wife and starving children. 'There was no fuel or bread in the house.' Here he paused, and after brushing aside the tears, he added: "Tonight I am comfortably clothed and in my right mind. My home is one of comfort and gladness, and I thank God and the Salvation Army for it." Once there was an old lady who lived all alone. She had but little to eat, and one night while she was praying for bread, some curious boys were listening, so they got a few loaves and threw them in through a broken window. The old lady rejoiced at the sight of the bread falling all around her, then thanked the Lord more loudly than before. Then one of the boys looked in at the door and said, "We brought it." Then this old lady said, "I don't care if you wicked boys did bring it, the Lord sent it." Children this letter is to show you that much work can be performed by little Christians; even to the extent of making older people ashamed of themselves. Then,

Dare to do right, dare to be true,  
You have a work that no other can do.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 29.**

*Southland.*

*To Sister and Two Little Knee Breeches:*

**I**N THIS LETTER I want to say something about the oldest man living. I don't know exactly how old he is. Nobody knows; but he must be a very old fellow. He holds his age very well, as he does not look any older in his pictures of today than he did sixty years ago. I don't think he is lazy, nor do I believe he can fly; but hops around faster than a flea. He is not an angel, because he has no wings. It's pretty hard to explain just how he manages to get around so lively. Still he visits nearly every house and home where little children live. He has never been known to hurt or scare little children very bad. Still I thought he came out of the woods a time or two, when I was a little boy, and made motions as if he had a switch in his hand, although he looked a little old and out of humor, but he could walk as fast as I could run. I thought at one time I had seen him before, and I told Mother so; but she didn't seem to care to talk about it, but wanted to know all about where I had been and what I had been doing, and just then little Sammy Tedrow came in and I was glad of it, but I see I am getting away from my story.



This old man seems to have changed his name once or twice. He was just called Saint Nicholas; he didn't seem to like that name very well, so he called himself Kriss Kringle, and I don't think he could have found an uglier name in the biggest book that was ever made; but the name stuck to him a long time, and just how or why he got another name, I have never been able to find out. Perhaps his father or his grandfather was named "Santa Claus." Well, I don't like the name very much. My father used to call me his little Santa, and I am glad to this day that he left the "Claus" off.

Now, I am told that Santa has been very busy of late. He only gets around once a year, and his visits are always about Christmas. He never likes children to see him when he comes. He somehow manages to get in after dark. He most always waits until nearly everybody has gone to bed, and then he slips quietly in, doesn't say much, doesn't intend to wake anybody up, makes little or no noise, never hurts or harms any one during Christmas time. He looks after the children first, and very often leaves something for Papa and Mama, and then a day or two after he is gone, we very seldom hear anything from or about him for nearly a year.

Now, children, listen! Christmas is only two weeks away. Santa Claus gives out his presents as long as they last, and my Mother told me that he always gave to good children first.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 30.**

*Southland.*

*Two Little Short Pants, and One Little Woman:*

**A**ND so two of you have left the Kindergarten and are now in school for larger children. You are now in a place where your Mama will have to have a wax end thread to sew on buttons, for in playing "Black man" you will have to catch the other fellow, and pat him three times on the back, saying as you do: one, two, three! Good black man for me! At least, I am telling you what I did when I was a boy. You may think it a little strange that Grandpa was once a little boy. Let me tell you children, those of us who are older, are only grown up children.

I expect you children have a lot of new games. If a boy or girl can play hard, then they can study well, and if you eat well, you ought to sleep sound. If you do all of these things, you will love and obey your teacher. You children are too small and too young to know much about the study of Latin. Latin is taught in some of our common schools and is as much out of place as a monkey and a hand organ would be at a Methodist love feast. When I was a boy I walked two miles to school, and if I had been compelled to study Latin, I never would have



gotten there. Latin is a language that people used to talk before they learned better. Still if you are going to be a great big preacher or teacher and want to say or write something sometime that very few people know anything about, then when you are older, it might be well enough to learn something about the origin of language.

The man who shot and killed President Lincoln, exclaimed as he did so: "Sic semper tyrannis." An Irishman who was in hearing observed he thought the fellow said, "I'm sick, send for McGinnis." But let us return to the schoolroom. Just think of a man or woman who cannot read. Suppose a person like this was traveling, and should come to a guide board, such a boy or man or woman could not tell whether it was two or ten miles to the next town; and if they chanced to meet a man in the road, the chances are they would hardly know whether the fellow was coming or going.

When I went to school, I sat on a long bench without any back to it. The teacher made our pens for us out of goose quills. A teacher that could not make a goose-quill pen was too poor to own a jack knife. I do not feel that I have told you all about the schools in Grandpa's time, so will take the matter up in another letter.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 31.**

*Southland.*

*Dear Tatties:*

I CALLED my second child Tattie, but that isn't her name. I have been talking with Grandma about education, and she says you can't have too much of it. That there is no more risk to run in getting too much education than there is in buying a plain black dress. I can understand all she says about education, but she leaves me to a whole lot of guessing as to what she said about buying a plain black frock. It's pretty hard to tell Mondays what kind of a colored dress suits best. There is a little lizard-shaped thing in Florida that naturally is a gray color; but, if you put it on a green piece of cloth, it will turn green, and if it is placed on a red garment, this little animal, called a Chameleon, will turn red in color. I wonder if it can be that some of our girls are Chameleons? Sometimes their cheeks are almost as red as a paint pot, and then, again, I have noticed them and they looked as if they had been to a grist mill or a flour store; and then, a day or two later they would appear to have hardly any color in their faces; and it seems so very strange about their hair. I don't quite understand it. I have seen them at times wearing hair as



long as a young fellows arm, and the very next day they wouldn't have enough hair on their heads to make what Grandma used to call spit curls.

Even Grandma got to wearing buttoned shoes, and went so far as to get me a shirt open in the back, and as long as I wear that shirt, I feel as if I was walking backwards. I never thought about it until it was too late. I now believe I could have put that shirt on, and walked into the circus backwards, and the doorkeeper would have thought I was coming out. I might have been able to get in that way, but Grandma would have had to pay full fare. I havn't come to what I was going to write about. I had intended saying something more about Santa Claus.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 32.**

*Southland.*

*Grandpa's Wrigglers:*

I SAW Grandma this morning talking to a man that looked enough like Santa Claus to be old Santa himself. Let me see, how long has it been since he was around here before? I was away from home last week, and Grandma wrote me that she was expecting old Santa Claus most any time.

You know Grandma never talks very much, and I guess that is one of the ways she has of keeping out of trouble. I asked Grandma how long she had known Santa Claus, but she wouldn't say much about it, but she said he staid long enough to inquire if there were children at our house. She told him that our children were all married and gone, and then he looked as if he had come to the wrong house. She then told him that we had some Grandchildren, and then he smiled and said "How many?" She said, "Three." And he wrote something down in a book and went away. I expect it was a good thing Grandma was at home that morning, because last year a son of mine, your uncle, was missed in about the same way. You see it's always best to have your name in the book. Now, what old Santa wrote in that book, Grandma was unable to find out; but he would not



come around with a book unless he intended doing something. And now let me see a little further. It's only one week until Christmas, and I wonder what he is going to give my three little Grand Tots. I tell you children Santa is a queer old chap, and I thought Grandma acted a little queer this morning while we were in the store together. I noticed her looking at a good many things, and she didn't seem to want me to do any of the looking, and just at this particular time she remembered having read in our new almanac something about a new remedy for chilblains, and she asked me to get her a bottle. It being something new I tore the wrapper off and lost it, and now we can't tell whether the remedy is to be taken outwardly or inwardly, and I can't tell now whether Grandma gave some packages to Old Santa or not, but I'll wait and see what your Mama says about it in her next letter.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 33.**

*Southland.*

*To My Three Little Grandchildren:*

**T**HIS is Christmas morning, and Old Santa has been here and gone. I didn't understand why he left anything at our house, because there are no children here now, but I suppose he remembered all about us, when the children were at home. At any rate it appears that he did not scratch our names out of his book, and he knows that I love every child in the world. What did you get? Well, I got a pair of suspenders, some socks, and Oh, so many neckties! I can now have a different tie for every week day, and a new one for Sunday. I won't have to buy any more ties for a year, unless I have to go to a wedding or a funeral, and then I have to fix up a little just to please Grandma. Grandma didn't go to prayer meeting last night. She seemed a little worried. I suppose she was thinking of what Old Santa might bring her, or possibly her mind was called back to her childhood days, when she was a little tiny girl. It seems a little strange that old folks were little children a long time ago; but old Santa did not fail to remember Grandma. In one stocking was a bottle of corn cure, and in the other a porous plaster. So you see that Old Santa knew what she needed, but these were not all; in a neat box, carefully tied up, was a Graphophone.



I hardly know how to describe such a thing. It is a machine with a crank and a big horn. You just wind it up, then place something round on it, about the size of a dinner plate, then pull out a lever, and off it goes. It talks and laughs and sings. Will sing any song, hum any hymn, and twist any tune. I don't think Grandma would trade her Graphophone for a telephone. I am sure that Old Santa means to be good to everybody. Still there are so many children in this wide, wide world of ours I suppose that have been neglected or forgotten, or possibly this good old man was not able to find every little child, or it may be that some little children had been so bad that he just passed by, and never looked in at them.

Now, children, we are commencing a New Year. Let us look back over the past twelve months, and see if we can be better than we were last year. There are so many good things, and nice places for children now days, and the school for little girls, and the Sunday school. Listen, Children, when you are older, you will find that the whole world is a schoolroom, and you will be the scholars. Remember that our Savior was once a little child, and as he grew older he became a teacher, and then a great preacher. Have Papa read to you what this Great Preacher said to a great multitude of people who followed Him up the sides of a great mountain, and when the people had all gathered together, He just preached and told the truth like any good man can when he will. Children, listen! Keep all these letters and never allow yourselves to get too old to read letters from—

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 34.**

*Southland.*

*Grandpa's Three Grandchildren:*

**T**HERE was a lively time near our house this morning. We never have much snow in Southland, but this Winter has been colder than usual, and now Springtime is almost here. There is six inches of snow and ice on the ground. Early this morning, it being Saturday, seven little boys came along, each having a dog and a sled. Each boy had enough rope and string to make some kind of harness for his dog. So every boy hitched his dog up to his sled, and everything appeared all right coming up hill; but none of the sleds had shafts, so there was nothing about the sled by which the dog could hold back or prevent the sled running onto the dog. Now, there is a long slope or hill near here, and the boys got their dogs all ready to start down the hill at once. When about half way down the hill the dog that was ahead, tried to turn out of the way of an old colored woman, who was coming up the hill at the time with a bucket of water in each hand, and one on her head.

The dog got out of the way of the old darkie, but the boy and the sled didn't turn quite quick enough. The dog rolled over in the ditch, but the boy and the sled struck the old Auntie. Well, I can't tell just where the



sled hit her. She was not very active, and about the shape of a bale of hay, and not near so good looking; but the boy and the sled both struck her. The boy was underneath, and the sled was on top. The old lady got her number eleven shoes mixed up in the rope harness, and I will leave you to guess what became of the water from the three buckets. The old colored woman screamed; the dog howled; the boy shouted, but the worst had not come. There were six other boys, dogs, and sleds coming down that hill, and it seemed as if everything was greased for the occasion. The first dog of the six missed old Auntie, but the next one struck her, and the next one hit her. The next dog jumped over her, but the boy and sled plunked right into her. The next dog tried to stop before he reached her, and he did stop, but the boy and sled struck her and stopped still for about a half a minute. Then all the rest of the boys, dogs, and sleds came down the slide, and each one struck something and came to a standstill. Now, here was the worst mixed up mess I ever saw. One boy was pulled out of the pile with a broken nose; one had a sprained ankle; another a broken finger. Two of the sleds looked like the kindling wood I used to split for my Mother. As for the old colored woman, she rolled over in the gutter and, as she scrambled up the bank on the other side, she muttered some kind of talk that didn't sound like she was at a camp meeting. The dogs by this time all got into a fight with each other, but somehow or somehow they all managed to get away, but the poor old darkie lost much of her clothing, and a brass ring, and three teeth. There was a



time when such a person would bring a thousand dollars, but now no one would make an offer for a whole "Meeting" house full. This upsetting of the old lady and her water, caused by these thoughtless boys, cost her a whole week's washing in the purchase of poultices and plasters.

Now, Children, if you will go coasting, remember what was told some little boys who wanted to go swimming. They were told to hang their clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water.

GRANDPA.






## Letter No. 35.

*Southland.*

*Little Toddlers:*

NE whole month has gone by, and not a line from you, your Papa or Mama. You had measles last year, and I suppose it will be whooping cough this year, but be that as it may, I do not believe in crossing the bridge before coming to it. I have had more or less contention with Grandma on this point. An old lady neighbor of ours says she don't know what she will do for snuff next year, if the world comes to an end this year. And, now, that I have mentioned snuff, you Children are not too young to be told something about it. Snuff is most anything, provided there is some tobacco in it. At least it is something ground as fine as meal. Still, a hog won't eat it, and a chicken won't stay where it is, and a dog would hide under a butcher wagon rather than allow it to touch him. You might pass by a guano factory, or a saloon without knowing it; but you would have to hold your breath in passing a snuff store. When I was a little boy, it was the custom for old men to use snuff, made from real tobacco. Nearly every Grandpa had a snuff-box, and nearly always filled with pure snuff. The old people, on meeting each other, would take a pinch of



snuff and snuff it up their nose. This was a habit formed by these old people and snuff used by them in this way was a sign of friendship and good will; but Oh, my! here in Southland, men, women and children use, yes eat it. They do not snuff it. They use some kind of soft wood stick, with one end split fine like a brush. They keep one end of this tooth brush in the mouth for some minutes, then swab it in a box of ground up decayed vegetation; then after all have dipped their snuff stick in the "*bale*" of snuff, they apply it to their gums, and then it is worked and worried around until exhausted by expectoration. Often a great wad of this fertilizer is placed between the teeth, and the lower lip, and to think, too, that little children and young ladies, and very many, too, indulge in this filthy, loathsome, and unhealthy practice.

I would rather a daughter of mine was taxed with two Mother-in-laws than to become a slave to the habit of puddling snuff. I am nearly three score and ten, and have never tasted tobacco. I do not care to make a chimney of my nose, blowing tobacco smoke through it. I do not care to have anyone fill their mouth full of smoke, and then blow it out, and expect me to breathe it. I do not care to sit in a car and breathe the fumes from the offensive pipe laden with disease and death.

GRANDPA.






## Letter No. 36.

*Southland.*

*Grandpa's Grandchildren:*

N THE receipt of Mama's letter there came relief to Grandma's corns and chilblains. I wrote you something in my last letter about snuff puddlers, and now I want to say something about tobacco spitters. There are a great many funny things happening in this life. An old lady friend of ours says: "This is a queer world. There is always one thing happening right after an other." And Grandma says: "It is a little strange that some people have nerve, and others have nerves." When I was up North last year, I found some people who were still fighting the "Southern Confederacy." And when I returned South, I was told that in some remote places, some people were knitting socks for the Rebel army. But I started out in this letter to talk to little people about tobacco. Do you little boys know that tobacco is doing more harm in this world than alcohol? If your Papa uses tobacco, just ask him why he uses the filthy stuff, and what good it does him. There is enough poison in one plug of tobacco to kill four dogs and seven cats. Three months ago, an old friend of ours came very near going blind. He went to see a great doctor in one of our large



cities. The doctor told him that tobacco smoke had caused his blindness. This poor old man quit smoking, and kept away from others who didn't know any better than to be smoking, and in less than six weeks this poor old man could read about as well as he ever did.

Not long ago I saw a man in town with a load of wood. He sold the wood for one dollar. With this amount of money he bought thirty-five cents worth of whisky, he spent a quarter of a dollar for tobacco, twenty cents for four bales of snuff, and he spent ten cents for coffee, and the balance he paid out for corn meal. Now, here is a little problem for you little folks to think about. How much money did this man pay out for meal? Children hear me. Keep just as far away from whisky and tobacco as you possibly can. Let me tell you a story that ought to teach every little boy a good lesson. Once there was a man who gave out that he wanted a boy to drive a buggy team for him. There were three boys who applied for the place, and all appeared at once. He asked each of the boys how close they could drive to a deep ditch, without getting into it. The little fellow said he could drive within three feet of the ditch and not allow the buggy to upset. The second boy said he could drive within two feet of the ditch and not get in it. The third little fellow said: "Mr. I would keep just as far away from the ditch as I could." The third boy got the job. Then why not keep away from anything that is bad? Away from tobacco, away from snuff, and from cigarettes, away from strong drink.



If two boys apply to me at the same time to shine my shoes, I always give the work to the boy who does not use tobacco in any form. A man once advertised for an office boy. Some boys applied for the place. The man placed an old book on the floor, in the middle of the room. Six boys walked over the book. The seventh little fellow, on entering the room, saw the book, picked it up and laid it on the shelf. The seventh little boy got the place, and in later years, became a partner in business with the man who first hired him.

Then, Children, do not forget the lessons I have told you.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 37.**

*Southland.*

*Well Children:*

I HAVE written so much about snuff puddlers, and tobacco spitters, old whisky toppers, and cigarette smokers, people who do not look like roses, but make chimneys out of their noses, who care for naught, and puddle the sidewalk, and Mama comes along with the rest of the throng, and, like the rest, she does her best to escape the fate of Ex-pec-to-rate. Well, I intended going right on, but at this point Grandma was looking over my shoulder, and said hold on, Grandpa, you are getting too political for children. I said never mind somebody will read these letters besides children. When I get wound up, right well wound up, I have to run down before I stop; and what is more, I never care to miss an opportunity to fire a snap shop at the snuff puddlers, and I am surprised at your Mama and ten thousand other Mama's and all the other women—that they do not organize under the leadership of some one of their number, and vigorously attack every man who would even dare to spit on a sidewalk. Such men ought to be compelled to walk in an alley or middle of the street, and thus relieve our wives and daughters from the use of their skirts in



sweeping and brushing the sidewalks. Now, I am sure you are wanting to hear something else. Springtime is here, and with it comes the wren, the lark, the robin, and many other pretty song birds. There is a pretty red-breasted robin that builds a nest in a small cedar tree in our yard every year. This old mother robin nearly always hatches out four or five little robins. The old mother feeds them with bugs and worms until they grow large enough to look around for themselves. I wish you could see these little red breasts, when they first get out of their nest. They just walk around as if on tiptoe. Their eyes are so sharp and keen that they can find the smallest seed, and when a fly comes near them, they just snap up Mr. Fly quicker than a spider.

Children, there are a whole lot of people banded together, called Audubon Societies. These people try to keep wicked boys and everybody else from killing the harmless birds, and there are many children who belong to these societies. And I want you children to join one of these societies. Never make any kind of an ugly noise at a bird, and never throw sticks or stones at them, and by and by some of them will get to be so tame that you can almost feed them out of your hand.

There are so many pretty things now, in the sunshine of Springtime. And there is nothing prettier than pet rabbits, and these harmless animals always look so neat and clean. I have seen some children that never appeared to me to be as nice and clean as a rabbit. Rabbits have so many pretty colors. Some are white and gray, others black, some white, and some are spotted. In the Summer



time rabbits feed mostly on grass, in fact they will almost eat a little of everything that grows. In this respect they are like a Billy goat. Nearly all rabbits burrow in the ground, where they go to escape being caught by dogs, or killed by hunters. The meat of a rabbit is fairly good. Their skins are used for fur. When a little rabbit is born its mother pulls the fur from her own body, and wraps the little baby rabbit up in it. On our Western prairies these animals are called Jack Rabbits. Their ears are about as long as small boys legs, and about the same shape. I am not through with the rabbit question, but I will stop right here.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 38.

*Southland.*

### *Two Little Laddies and One Little Lady:*

**I** DON'T want to discourage any little children with their homes, but every child ought to spend some portion of the year in the country, and Spring and Summer, and even Autumn is the time. I was out on one of my plantations yesterday. Now, I told you that Old Uncle Jack lives on one of these farms. I told you that Uncle Jack has made a fairly good start at raising his second family. That six little black pickaninnies were already in line to be clothed and fed. The oldest is a little girl, and the youngest is a girl, only a little smaller, though not much; in fact, they are all girls but one, and you might easily guess that this one is a little black pickaninny boy. Nearly all black people like to be called colored folks. The old time darkies didn't care much what they were called—just so they have plenty of hoe cake, peas, fat meat, sweet "Tatoes," and 'possum.

Now, I must tell you a 'possum story. A full-grown 'possum is about as large as a pig at four to six weeks old, and if you had never seen one and didn't know what you were eating, you would say it was good. A 'possum



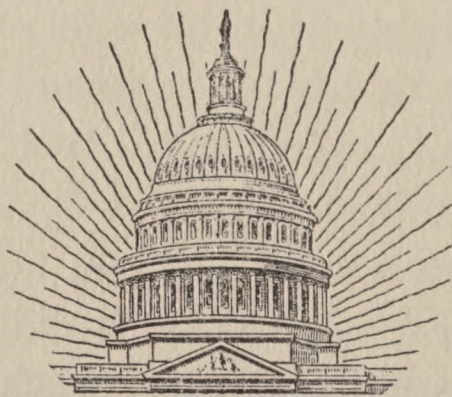
is a queer looking animal. It has a long tail, and a little or no hair on tail or body. When about to be caught, it will fall down and lay perfectly quiet as if dead, and if you do not take it along with you, it will appear lifeless until you are gone, and then it will get away from the place pretty fast. 'Possums are caught mostly after night. There was an old darkie out hunting 'possum. He caught a very fine one, skinned and dressed it, and built up a fire in the woods, after night. The poor old fellow got tired waiting for the 'possum to be cooked "Fitten" to eat, so he lay down on the ground close by on some leaves to take a nap. By and by two other 'possum hunters came along, and finding the old man asleep, they took his 'possum from the fire, then ate the whole 'possum. And after rubbing some 'possum grease on the old man's mouth, they left the 'possum bones laying near his face, and then went away. After awhile the old darkie woke up, and I suppose feeling very hungry; and after seeing the 'possum bones lying near him, he stretched and yawned, and after licking his lips, said: "I has surely eat dat 'possum, but for de life of me I can't splain why I am so powerful hungry!" And added that he never felt so "Swunck up."

When I was a boy I went 'possum hunting just once; but didn't catch any 'possums, and I didn't know enough then to buy a 'possum and carry back home to show Mother, like some fishermen buy fish. I was out all night, walked nineteen miles, fired away twenty-five cents worth of ammunition at a knot high up on a tree. At first I thought it was a 'possum, and then we called it a coon,



and the longer I looked at it, and the more I shot at it, the more sure I felt that it was a bear. Two of my Uncles were with me on this hunt, and as old as they are, whenever I meet them I have to tell the children all about our first and last 'possum hunt. I didn't start out on that 'possum hunt looking for bear, and after finding what looked like a small bear, and after shooting at it fully twenty times, I just kept on trying to think and wish it was not a bear—and it was a knot. I started to write about life in the country, but just happened to think about 'possums.

GRANDPA.





**Letter No. 39.**

*Southland.*

*Dear Children:*

**Y**OUR MAMA'S letter brought more relief to Grandma than did her cranberry corn cure. If some mothers can wait two weeks to hear from their children, that is no reason why some grandparents should wait a whole month without hearing from their grandchildren. Now, I hope Mama and Papa will be more thoughtful in the future. It is said that every crow thinks their own bird the blackest, and we think our Grandchildren, not the blackest, nor the whitest; but we do feel a good deal like other grandparents should feel, and my Father used to say that a wink is just as good as a nod.

I wish you Children were here, so you could take a ride with me behind our pony Kitty. We would ride out to the farm. Old Jack has two mother hogs, and one of these mother hogs has seven little Berkshire pigs, and the other mother has eight little baby pigs. These little piggies get their living just about as you children did when you were about the same age. I suppose little pigs have their own way of talking, and instead of crying as children sometimes do, they just squeal. I know you will



laugh to see all these little bits of hogs, all getting their dinner at once. Sometimes they go to sleep while eating, and the dinner spout falls out of their mouths. Then they root and nozzle and grab until they catch on again. Uncle Jack has some ducks. Now to boys like you, I suppose you would take these ducks for some kind of chickens, but ducks are not chickens. Ducks have great wide flat feet, and ugly wide bills. A duck can pick up corn twice as fast as a chicken. Some ducks have very pretty feathers, in fact their feathers are sometimes pulled cut, and some pillows are made of duck feathers. Ducks, like pigs, have a kind of talk of their own, and like some children, they all talk at once. I doubt if any of them know what they are saying. Roasted duck makes very fine eating, but I expect that chickens are better, as many of them enter the ministry at an early age.

There are several springs on the farm. A spring is a place where the clear cool water comes right up through the ground, and these springs answer in place of wells. I am sure you would enjoy a good cold drink from a spring. You will always find a gourd at the spring. We use gourds to drink out of, instead of tin cups. I wanted to say something in this letter about our young chickens, but am called to supper. Grandma always claims that hot tea and rolls are never good after they are cold.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 40.**

*Southland.*

*Dear Tots:*

I CAN HARDLY realize that it has been nearly a whole year since you Children were here on your annual visit. I am thinking of you as having grown larger and myself older. I say older, but the word older is not an inviting theme or subject. In other words, it does not explain if I say I am older than you. Then even a child can understand; but when I say I am old, then very few if any can measure up to its true meaning. I speak of these things, because you children are putting away childish things, and your little minds are reaching out into fields of strange and greater mental activity.

Our bodies are, as it were, a piece of machinery. An engine is kept in motion by the constant filling up of the engine with fuel and water. Our bodies require more than the steam engine. In addition to fuel (food) and water, air is also necessary to sustain life. Go with me to a blacksmith shop and there you will see the blacksmith pumping air with a bellows, and the wind from this bellows, blown directly upon some coal, causes the fire to burn quick and fast. We breathe air into our lungs, and our lungs act like the blacksmith's bellows. Some of the good elements of the air thus breathed into our lungs are retained, and the impure is breathed out, and in this way



the lungs and heart are kept in motion, and like a piece of machinery, we are kept running. We go on feeding and drinking and heating. If we stop feeding an engine it will stop, and so will we. It is also true that an engine will get old and become so badly worn as to be useless and worthless; and I might say that the same thing is likely to happen to many of us; but to my mind, it is more important that we more fully understand what we are living for, than to know why we live. I am of the opinion, Children, that the mind is the soul; that the soul will never die, but live on and on in some world without end. Mind is our thoughts—what we think with, and when our bodies die, our minds become a soul, and there is a home somewhere for the soul.

What is mind? I can explain it better in this way—you have a pain—you cannot see it—you cannot hear the pain, but you can feel it; hence, I conclude in this way, that although we can't see a soul, we feel it. Still I feel that mind and knowledge will some day become separated from these physical bodies, and then go and live on forever with the Creator. It is admitted that matter such as make up the component parts of our bodies cannot be destroyed, but it can at least for a time be rendered useless and unfit for any purpose; but no fire or sword can destroy the mind which in the life to come becomes a living soul. That we will be known in the life to come as we are known here. Then, if the soul is immortal and lives on forever, then why should our minds grow old in the short time we are permitted to remain in this our childhood home?

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 41.**

*Southland.*

*Children and Grandchildren:*

**F**OR some reason, I don't know why, but since I have written so many letters to you and Papa and Mama, I now feel as if I was writing to all the children in the world. And now that all these letters are to be published in a book, I feel that I am sure to be heard by a great many little folks, and while I am writing to and for little children, I feel that my letters will prove interesting and beneficial to all who read them. And when you or any other little boy or girl get one of Grandpa's books, and just as soon as you can read, I want you to call a goodly number of your little companions together, have a little party (day time is best, because children like some older people usually get sleepy when night comes) and let some one of the number read at least a half dozen "LETTERS FROM GRANDPA."

This afternoon I am going to write about our chickens, and although we live in a city, still we have two acres of ground in our yard. And Disc our dog, and Kitty the pony, some eleven cats, and three times as many chickens, use about all this land. Last year I fooled Grandma by putting some duck eggs under one of her setting hens. Right away, after the little ducks had hatched out Grandma thought she had managed to bring out a new



breed of chickens, and she was telling our colored cook, when the old Auntie said, "Lor bless you, honey, dem are ducks." I don't know what kind of a trick I will play on Grandma this year. Grandma is older than she used to be, and I may grow older in body, but I intend to keep young in mind. This morning Grandma said she was getting up to turn over. I said why not be turning over to get up? Our first hatching of chicks came off this morning. There are thirteen in number. I think the old mother hen did pretty well. All her eggs hatched but two. Now, some folks don't like the number thirteen, and if they should live to be fourteen years of age, they would try to pass over their thirteenth birthday. Our chicks are White Wyandottes. I suppose they are white, because their father and mother were white. The name Wyandotte is an Indian name, and why they should name a chicken for an Indian, I can't imagine. Some people say that all the good Indians are dead, as much as to say that all live Indians are bad. When you are older I will tell you more about Indians, as I lived more or less for three years with these Red people, and after a few months I am going to offer the whole people another book of over five hundred pages, and full of pictures. This book will tell of my twenty years among the moonshiners of Southland.

But to return to my chicken talk. Soon after we had taken the old mother hen and her chicks off the nest, and had placed her on the ground near a coop, our dog Disc came along, and the Mother of the little biddies didn't like the looks of Disc very much, so she just jumped at



him feet foremost. Now, Disc is large enough to kill and eat two such hens, but when the old hen jumped at him, she spread her wings, turned her tail feathers over her back, and she looked about as big as a bushel basket. She stuck her bill right into Disc's nose. Scratched his face with her claws. Disc fell over backwards, then rolled over a time or two, and the old hen just kept on pecking him. Disc said something to the hen as he left. Biddie then went back to her baby chicks, and called them all to her, and they all got under her, and she told them to keep still.

GRANDPA.

---

*Letter No. 42.*

*Southland.*

*Dear Grandchildren:*

**Y**ESTERDAY was Easter Sunday and we had eggs and eggs. Now, Easter Sunday is not the time to have much fun, but the first day of April is. The first day of April is always called "April fool day," or "All fool's day." And a great many people try in some way or other to play some kind of a trick on some one else. Mr. and Mrs. ——— were visiting at our house



for a few days, and Mrs. ——— and Grandma declared that nobody could fool them. So I thought up all the old tricks that I had played when I was a boy—that of emptying the salt cellar and filling it with meal; putting a live chicken in Mother's shoe, putting a piece of hard-fried beefsteak in Father's tobacco box; and I remember once putting a grain or two of gunpowder in Grandfather's pipe. But none of these old tricks seemed to suit, so I hit upon another plan.

I gave the old darkie cook five new copper cents, and told her not to boil the eggs, but get a dozen or so nice fresh eggs, and put them in a single dish, and place the whole on the breakfast table. I was a little slow in getting seated just right at the table, and then I took some little time in unfolding my napkin, and getting it fixed to my notion around my neck; by this time Grandma had passed the eggs to our guests. Of course, I took off two and laid them beside my plate. Grandma wanted to remove the shells for me, but I said no, wait until all have been served. Mrs. ——— said she was going to be very careful and not get fooled. So with an uplifted arm and with knife in hand she let it fall, and the egg was cut right in two, the contents falling and flying all over her plate. In the meantime her husband fell to helping himself to what looked like a boiled egg. Grandma noticed that the eggs were not well done, and said: "Try another," and they did try, with the same result. Then Grandma proceeded to open one, and hers was no better. Then they all said: "Grandpa try yours." I said, "No, I don't want to be fooled."

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 43.**

*Southland.*

*Three Grandchildren and as many more as read  
Letters from Grandpa:*

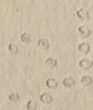
**T**HERE are so many things to think about and write about, that I really don't know sometimes where to commence, and the trouble with some people who write letters and even books, they don't seem to know when to stop. When I was a little boy but very few letters were written. To live, as I do, in North Carolina, and you in Missouri, it would take a whole month for a letter to get there, and if you did not answer for a month then there would be but two letters pass in the month, and the postage was sometimes as high as twenty-five cents, and would take two bushels of wheat to pay for a single letter. Much of the mail in those days had to be carried on horseback hundreds of miles. Now, you can send a letter three thousand miles for two cents. I want to encourage all children to hasten the time when they can with pen or pencil write something, and then commence right away. Get a pencil and put something down on paper. When Papa is away from home for a week or two, I am sure he would be glad to get a letter from his little boy or girl.



I have told you something about my first pair of trousers. The first letter I ever wrote was about the time that General Scott and General Taylor and Santa Anna were being talked about by nearly everybody, and when I had finished that letter I felt as if I would be a general some day, too. But I have since learned that we can't all be generals. In the schoolroom you may learn how to write, but in letter writing you will learn what to write. You will soon learn what word or words to use, in order to express a thought best. Get a pen or pencil and express your thoughts by writing words. A little practice in this way and you will soon get to be a first-rate letter writer, and soon you will hear some of your playmates say: "There is little Nell, she can just write the most beautiful letter you ever heard;" and again you will hear, "and she spells every word just like it is in the book." And by a little practice, nearly every little school boy can stand up in the school room and boldly say—

Dare to do right, dare to be true,  
I have a work that no other can do.

Again, if you wish to commit to memory a short speech, or a few lines of poetry, you will find it a great help to write it down. As I said before, we can't all be generals, neither can all be ministers of the gospel or doctors or lawyers. Some must work in the field, some in the shop, and others in the mine; but all should do something that will secure for them an honest living. None of us can afford to be lazy. If we were a honey bee, and





would try to get our honey without helping to make it, all the rest of the bees would soon find it out and we would be put out of the bee house.

Now, Children, don't forget what I have said about letter writing.

GRANDPA.

---

***Letter No. 44.***

*Southland.*

*To Everybody's Grandchildren:*

I HAVE never written anything to you children about singing. Now, it isn't everybody that can sing. Some people are dumb; that is, they have no voice. As I said before our lungs serve as a sort of bellows. Air is breathed in and air is breathed out, and if everything about our throat is alright, we can make almost all manner of sounds. It is the mind coming from our lungs through the mouth that makes the sound of the human voice. It is the mind blown through a brass horn that makes what we call music; but if the horn is out of fix, then the player cannot make the sound to resemble what is called a musical note, and it is the same way with our vocal chords. If our throat has been injured in any way, then we are prevented in some way from talking. I believe that any little boy or girl can learn to sing, pro-



vided they have a voice. If a boy or girl can holloa real loud, or can make a loud noise on the play ground, then I am sure they can learn to sing. Some singers get a great deal of money for singing. Children, do you know that some people pray and don't know it? But if a person prays and doesn't know it, their prayers don't go higher than their hat bands. Praying is talking to God, and if you pray in earnest, and pray just as if you were talking with God, then God will listen to you, and if you do not receive all you ask for it will be because He knows best. A person who would ask God for a barrel of flour and a barrel of salt and a barrel of pepper, ought to know that they have asked for too much salt, and entirely too much pepper. The Lord knows that anybody likes a small amount of pepper and if He should in some way hear and grant your prayer, and you should get a whole barrel of pepper, there would not be enough pepper to go round. I have said that singing was praying. Now, let us see if there is anything else in singing. Yes, singing is praising. In prayer we look up to God and say—

Come thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy praise.

And again—

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above.

In praise of Him we say in song —

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.



And again—

All hail the power of Jesus name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Children, if you will even think of God, before you close your eyes in sleep, He will hear and know your thoughts. Our Savior said while on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

GRANDPA.

---

***Letter No. 45.***

*Southland.*

*Dear Children:*

**D**OUR Mama writes me to ask if I believe it is wrong to take or admit little children into the church. That is to say, ought they to be enrolled as members of the church? Although I am writing to Grandchildren, I will answer your Mama's letter just as I would write to any other mother. Yes, I would admit children of any age into the church. I believe it is better to be even born in the church, than to be born out of it. A man once said to me that he was a born politician. Now,



you children may not know very much about politics, and I hope you never will. This man also said, that he was a self-made man. I said to him that in assuming that he was a self-made man, that he had relieved the good Lord from a grave and great responsibility, and I added further, that I did not think that he had finished the job.

The politics of most men are determined at the time of their birth, hence, it is but natural to suppose that a Methodist mother will have Methodist children. The same can truthfully be said of every other denomination.

Yes, it is better to have a little boy or girl in the church than to have to keep them out. If the church is good for older people, it is equally good for children. I believe in training up a child in the way you would have it go. The influence over children in all churches is for good. If a mother is a Baptist or a Presbyterian or a Christian, or what not, let such a mother gather the little ones around her and lead them to the church and the Sunday school. Some ministers of the gospel are so "Stuck up" in some ways, that they never notice a child until they are nearly grown. The greatest of all preachers took little children in his arms and blessed them. No person ever offended a mother by telling her that her child was bright or pretty. None of us resent flattery, and a kind word always catches the heart of a little child. Kind words never die.

Father or mother, or whoever you may be, can accomplish more with kind words than you can with switches. I have had to deal with bad men, even outlaws nearly all my life, and I have always been more successful with kind words, than I possibly could be with brickbats.



Yes, gather the children into the church. The Sunday school is the stepping stone. Let me repeat two lines:

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Children, the word twig in these lines, means a little child. You may train a twig, or a vine to grow around a post or around and over the window. Just so with a little child. I never pass a dirty, ragged little boy or girl in the street without "Howdy, baby."

A tender plant of any kind is easily bruised, and this is doubly true of the hearts and minds of every little child in all this wide, wide world.

GRANDPA.

---

### ***Letter No. 46.***

*Southland.*

*Little Christians and Older People:*

I AM going to write about a matter in which all ought to be interested, and I am going to use some very big words. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Now, let me see if I can explain the meaning of these two big words. Cleanliness means clean, and Godliness means good—clean and good. The Bible tells us of unclean spirits, and ungodly persons. If there is anything in



this letter that you do not understand, I want you to ask your Papa or Mama to explain and make clear everything I say. The good man who wrote the above text, doubtless wanted us to understand first, that we should have clean faces, clean hands, and clean clothes. No teacher, male or female, likes to see a dirty-faced boy or girl come into the schoolroom. I remember when I was a little boy of another little boy who always came to school with a dirty face, and his hands looked as if water had been a stranger to him all his life, and his face at times was so very dirty that it just seemed to me that he could never shut his eyes. I never could sit by him, in fact, no one wanted him in their class, and no one would play with him, and he was a very bad boy. He never spoke kindly to any one of his schoolmates. He was an odd boy. Still, I do not believe now, nor did I then think that he was altogether at fault. He was always prompt with his lessons, and he got along with his studies with but little effort. I knew something of his parents. They, too, did not observe the first big word in this letter. He asked me one day why the boys never cared to have him in any of their games. I told him all about it. I said to him that his clothes were good enough, but his mother never seemed to wash them, that his hair looked ugly, because it was long and never looked as if it had ever been combed. He sometimes wore a single suspender, and sometimes none at all; would appear in the schoolroom with a shoe on one foot, and a boot entirely too large for him on the other foot. Buttons were usually off his shirt, and he never appeared in the schoolroom with clean hands or face. I told him all



his faults. I said tell your mother that you and I are good friends, and tell her to wash all your clothes, patch all the worn places, cut your hair, and come back to school next Monday morning washed clean from top to toe, and try just as hard as you can never to say another ugly word to any of the boys, and soon, yes, very soon, you will be one of the best, and best-looking boys in the school. He tried hard, and he tried again, and by and by he succeeded, and everybody thought of poor Tom, and it seemed as if everybody had a kind word for him, and Tom took courage, and when he got clean, that made him good. Tom had a lovely voice, and he was soon invited to a place with other boys in the Episcopal choir, and the church people thought kindly of him, and helped him in many ways. So you see, dear Children, that cleanliness means to be clear, and Godliness means to be good; hence, cleanliness is next to Godliness, and the once ragged dirty Tom is now an honored gray-haired rector in one of God's churches.

GRANDPA.





*Letter No. 47.**Southland.**Little Soldiers:*

**T**HESE are the closing days of Lent, when you are older you will learn much about Lent. Lent commences forty days before Easter Sunday, and closes on that day. I will tell you something about Lent. It is a religious observance, that is to say, the Catholic and Episcopal church members, and some other people, during the Lenton period of forty days, refrain from eating meat. Now, I will not attempt to say that a strict observance of all the requirements of Lent is wholly right, or seriously wrong. I leave all such matters for the approval or disapproval of the heart and conscience of the individual. Still to my mind, it would be difficult to explain to a child, the necessity for doing without meat during Lent; and the man who toils from early morn 'till late at night would require all the strong food possible. I had an argument with Grandma, as to who kept Lent. She contended that only members of certain churches kept Lent. I promised her a new Easter hat if I failed to prove that some people kept Lent, who were not members of any church. I said to her, don't you remember that I Lent old man ——— five dollars and he kept it. I



proved my case up all right, but unless I get the hat, there won't be anyone from our home, at church on Easter Sunday.

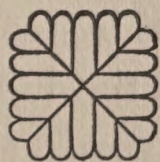
When you children are older, I want you to take up the subject of Lent. It will furnish you study and inquiry for a whole week. There is at least one thing that I am sure of, and that is, the five dollars I loaned to old Mr. ——— he kept what was lent, and the forty day period is still going on.

You will be surprised to see our dog Disc. He is a great big fellow now, and when you Children come to spend the Summer with us, I will have him hitched up in harness. I don't think he will work well with a bridle bit in his mouth. So when he wants to run it will be a matter of strength, as to who can pull hardest, Disc or the driver.

One of our neighbors has a goat, but I don't believe that you Children will like such an animal. He butts at one end and kicks at the other. And if you should come near him, well, I am sure you would not think yourself in a bed of tube roses or a strawberry patch.

We will be looking for you on every day train that passes our door. The egg supply is still good, and Grandma has been reading a good deal of late in her new cook book.

GRANDPA.





*Letter No. 48.**Southland.**Little Men and Small Women:*

**I**T HARDLY seems true that you children have been having scarlet fever. I have often been asked why little innocent children have to suffer pains, cuts, bruises and disease. Well, I can explain some things, but not everything. We are placed here in this life with five senses. There is the sense of taste, the senses of smell, of touch, of hearing, and the sense of sight. Now to my mind, there might have been to these five senses added two others; that of speech and brain power. The action of mind on the brain. However, the first five are born with us. The last two are acquired, or rather develop as we grow in size and mental activity.

Why we see or hear or think I cannot very well explain. It is enough for us to know that the Master Builder, the Great Architect, the Great Creator of all things has placed us above the animals, in that He has given us power of speech, with minds to think and to control our acts. It seems that all life has a sense of touch. I have seen certain plants that, when gently touched, would bend and almost wither and die.

Voice is sound given out by reason of the operation and influence of the mind on the lungs—the pressure of air that passes over the vocal cords, situated in the throat and



neck, all the time under the control and influence of a mental storehouse found in the brain. And as we advance from babyhood to childhood, the mind grows stronger and our organs of speech become stronger, and, step by step, we learn to change our baby voice to that of speaking little words, and, by and by, we are able to speak many words. Sight, touch, and hearing are about as good in our babyhood as at any time during our lives. Speech and mind grow and develop as we grow into manhood and womanhood. But, why do we suffer pain? If we were an iron post or a stone step, or anything else having no life or any of the senses, we would never suffer any pain. Without the seven senses I have named we would be nothing more, and never know anything more than a stone step or or an iron post. We lose our eyes, injure our hearing, destroy our sense of smell, lose all brain power, and in some way lose or forget that we once talked; still, we might live on and on and all the time our physical body would be subject to pain. When we die, six of our senses die, and are buried with us, but the mind, the brain power, the soul, never dies. It returns to its Creator. In some countries there are many people who do not know their King or ruler; still there is a King or ruler somewhere, and the same can be said of a Creator. There is a Creator with controlling power and influence somewhere, and that is enough to know.

Now, Children, as to pain and disease. If we thrust our hand into the fire we are sure to be burned, because we are alive and have the sense of touch. Through many generations, even ages, diseases of various kinds have de-



veloped, and for some cause have become contagious. That is to say, if you go where the whooping cough is, the chances are you too will catch the disease, and this is equally true of scarlet fever.

Life is somewhat of a mystery, and we are wonderfully made. So, Children, let us try and be content with our lot. The power and influences that brought us here will be in control for all time to come, and none shall fail or come short of God's promises if we do the right.

GRANDPA.

---

### *Letter No. 49.*

*Southland.*

*To Children of All Ages:*

**I** AM NEVER happier than when I am writing to children. The first lessons learned by a little child are the last ones forgotten. Few, yes, very few parents, realize what kind of shadows they cast around and about their little ones. There is nothing better or cheaper in this life than kind words. A frown on Papa's face requires a smile from Mama to bind up and soothe the little wounded heart of sister or brother. We look carefully after the young plants in the garden, so we should seek earnestly and dilligently to properly train the little tender minds of every child placed in our care and



keeping. But let me see, I am not addressing my letter to children. I am talking to Fathers and Mothers, but I started out in these letters to interest children and parents alike. Long years ago, I was very desirous that our first baby should be a little boy. So, by and by, that first baby came into our household. I called her Maud, and there was no happier man in the neighborhood than the man who is now writing LETTERS FROM GRANDPA. And now, that you children have all had the scarlet fever, have whooped up the whooping cough, and have withstood an attack of measles, I suppose you will wonder what next?

As for myself, I have never liked medicine; it is nearly all sour or bitter, and to be plain-spoken about it, I have always been afraid it would make me sick. Last week I brought home a new almanac. I said nothing about having the book to Grandma, but this afternoon while I was making some purchases at the corner grocery, Grandma found the new almanac, and she read it through and through; and she now insists that fully one-half of the diseases recorded there just fits her case exactly, and the other half seems to have been fixed to suit my ailments. I have gone over the list and cut out several things in my case, I have baldness and cold feet, freckles, and sour stomach. I never knew a physician to have a kind word for an almanac, who had ever read some other kind of a doctor book. Now, I am not going to write to you Children again for a long time.

I have just told Grandma to ruffle and tuck up a little, get her smelling salts and camphor bottles filled, that as



soon as Uncle Jack could come in from the farm and look after the dog, pony, and the chickens we would be off for Missouri.

GRANDPA.

---

*Letter No. 50.*

*Southland.*

*Great and Good Grandchildren:*

**W**E ARE at home again in Southland. I wish more of our Northern people would come South. Association would prove to our Northern neighbors that all the good people in the United States do not live in Northland. The children of today know but little of the Civil War between the North and the South. For four long years, commencing in 1861, and ending in 1865. The grandfathers of today, alone, can testify as to having been engaged in those horrible battles. Your Grandfather was an eyewitness to many of these conflicts, now recorded in history. In these battles, in some instances, brother fought against brother, and sons rebelled against fathers. Let me speak of the battle of "Shiloh," "Pittsburg Landing." The battle commenced early on the morning of April 6, 1862, and lasted two days. On the night of the second day's conflict, twenty-five thousand men lay on



the battle field, either killed or wounded, and nearly all of this came about by reason of political quarrels. The South became pauperized, but have accepted the situation, and there are golden opportunities here, and every Northern gentleman visiting the South will testify that the spirit of Union and one flag rules and reigns. Children, let me repeat we are glad to be in the Sunny South again. There is only one disturbing element here, and that can easily be defined in the inquiry—what about the Colored race? Our return trip was free from accident, pain or injury, and while I could no longer look into your bright faces, yet, in my fancy, I almost thought I could hear the childish prattle of three Grandchildren, and now the query is, are we to wait another six or twelve months, before seeing you again?

You Children are climbing the rugged sides of life's pathway, while we have long since reached the mountain top, and are angling, yes, almost sliding, even gliding down the other side, and soon, yes, possibly very soon, we may be summoned to pass through the valley, the shadow of which is death. We are sure we are still on this side of the grade, and there must be another somewhere in the unlimited world of space. With anxious thoughts for you, and all other Grandchildren, I am as ever—

GRANDPA.





### *Letter No. 51.*

*Southland.*

#### *Two Little Kings and One Little Queen:*

I FEEL like calling every little boy and girl a King or Queen. If they are not the autocrats of the household, they rule in our hearts. Thus, they are little Monarchs of the home. All children are not alike; some children are in some respects better than some other children. Is it because they are born better? I would not say so. Still, all have the impress of the Babe of Bethlehem, born in a stable, because the husband could not secure shelter at the "Inn." (An "Inn" of those days is now called a hotel). Children, would you not think it very cruel for a hotel keeper in these days to turn a poor man and an innocent woman into the street? It is claimed that this was done in the case of Joseph and Mary, because there was no room at the Inn, but there are many Grandpas of today who believe that Jesus' parents were turned away from the inn, because they had no money, just like some hotel keepers of today turn away the poor. It is urged by these inn keepers that they cannot feed and rest all the tramps that come their way; but Children, all poor



people are not tramps. Let me dwell, or rather talk on this subject a little longer. Go back with me to the little village of Bethlehem in a far-off country across the great wide ocean, and there in a stable, where horses and cattle fed and lay, and this at one time, over nineteen hundred years ago, was the home of the infant Savior of the world. Just because a mean hotel man would not allow these poor people to stay in his house—not so much as to remain over night. Now, this little boy Jesus did not stay in that old barn very long, for God had a star to come and stand just over that stable, and some good men saw the star, and came and went into the stable, and there on a pile of straw lay the Son of God, and these good men provided a better home for the Child and his parents, and He soon grew to be a man, a very good man. I would like to say much more along this line, but the subject would require the space of a good-sized book. When about thirty-three years of age, some very wicked men put this Wonderful Man to death. He was buried, and on the third day an angel came down and rolled the great stone away from the grave, and God bade His Son to come forth, and He did so. And the once Babe of Bethlehem went home to God. The keeper of the Inn, the hotel man died, and now, what shall I say of Him? If we deny Christ in this life, He will deny us in the life to come.

GRANDPA.





## Letter No. 52.

Southland.

*Little Dots, What Make Men and Women, when they grow up:*

**I**N MY last letter, I had something to say about the hotel man who kept and lived in an inn in Bethlehem of Judea, and this calls to memory an old ditty:

There was an old lady, living under the hill;  
If she hasn't gone away, she lives there still.

But I think this hotel man went out of business a long time ago, and think he will stay out of business a long, long time.

You, no doubt, will expect to hear some of the happenings going on in the home of Grandpa; to hear something about Grandma and Kate. (Kate, you know, is our pony mare.) And there is our dog, Disc. Disc is a dog now. When I first wrote you about him, he was a tiny fellow. Disc is a Shepherd dog, but we have no sheep for him to watch over, so he takes kindly to the chickens, unless the chickens find out the hiding place of some of his bones. Now, almost every little boy knows that dogs are very fond of eating the meat found on a bone, and will gnaw a bone for hours after the meat is all gone, and will then bury the bone in the ground, and will sometimes dig up the bone and chew it for hours.



Some time ago, Grandma gathered up a lot of Disc's bones and placed them in the bottom of a large flower pot to enrich the soil, put in on top of the bones. The flower seeds were planted and had grown to large proportions. By and by, poor little Disc missed his bones, and one night he went about sniffing and sniffing at all possible hiding places for his meal of bones. One morning, as Grandma was making the rounds looking after the flowers, she found that the pot in which she had placed Disc's bones had been overturned, and the bones removed to Disc's burial ground. Grandma didn't say much, but looked a whole lot. Disc was forbid the hospitality of the dining room that morning, and had to eat his breakfast with the cats on the back porch.

GRANDPA.

---

### *Letter No. 53.*

*Southland.*

*Children of Childhood:*

**D**OUR PAPA'S and Mama's letters brought relief to us, as we had not heard from you for nearly a month. Almost two years have passed since I addressed my first letter to two little boys and one small girl. So I suppose your paregoric period, once full and fraught with spoons and medicines and midnight squalls, has given place to common results generally obtained



from eating green apples and watermelons—but what is home without a baby? Still, there is another picture in the history of babyhood. A little coffin sitting by an empty cradle; little finger prints still remaining on the window panes. The pit a pat of tireless little feet are no longer heard in the corridor. The lullaby hushed. Sunny curls drooping over; eyelids closed forever. An hour of sorrow, a never-ending day of mourning. Still in our Father's house are many mansions, and every child will be gathered there: "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." I once stood beside the bed of a dying child. A child of two summers. With its expiring breath, there came a laugh. A laughter as if from childish glee, prompted, no doubt, by a vision of an unveiled paradise, and the sequel, the second story of life was unfolded; but there remained the habitation of the departed soul. Two bloodless cheeks, and two dimpled hands lay folded across a motionless heart forever.

GRANDPA.






**Letter No. 54.**

*Southland.*

*To all my Grandchildren:*

LD UNCLE JACK came to town today in a one-horse wagon. He brought some vegetables to market, and among other things of interest, he brought his son, Remus. Now, Remus is a lad of about five summers. Jack left Remus in the wagon and the cabbages and persimmons, and went in search of a buyer. Before leaving, he charged Remus that he should not say a word to anyone while he was gone. That if he did, somebody would take him for a fool. Remus said, "Yas, sah." After a while, a man approached the wagon and said, "Nigger, what is your potatoes worth?" Remus said nothing. The man said, "Do you want to sell your cabbage?" Remus sat batting his eyes like a toad in a rain storm, but made no reply. The man said, "You are a fool." When Uncle Jack came back, Remus said, "Daddy, they found it out, and I never opened my mouth. I never said nuffin." The vegetables were exchanged for some "Fat back," some corn meal, and two bales of snuff. The price of the snuff would have gotten Remus two pairs of stockings. Children, do you know that one-half the people in this world live on the other half? The



people do not know how the other half live. I saw a man today that reminded me of a picture I once saw of Santa Claus. Possibly it was Old Sant, himself. He had pencil, paper, and book, and I heard him say something about dolls and whistles, and Oh, so many things! And he said that Christmas was not more than ten weeks away, and away he went to another town. So, look out for him. I told him to remember them little Grandchildren away out in Missouri. I will write you again in about a week.

GRANDPA.

---

### **Letter No. 55.**

*Southland.*

*Everybody's Grandchildren:*

**I**N AN OLD BOOK, entitled "The life and services of Lorenzo Dow," appear two pictures, one of Lorenzo and the other of Peggy, his wife. Underneath the former, there appeared these suggestive words—"The morning of life is gone." Beneath the latter can be read, "The evening shades appear." These lines present themselves to me in this letter for earnest thought and consideration. I am conscious of the fact that some portions of my letters are too far advanced to



be easily comprehended and fully understood by children, but these pages (soon to appear in book form) are intended to be read to you by your parents, and when you are older and have acquired the knowledge of having learned to read for yourselves, I will ask that you gather in or invite to your home the smaller children, and read these messages to them. Truths do not die in a single decade or expire within the limits of a single generation. And when you are old I trust you will still be found reading "LETTERS FROM GRANDPA." Yes, "The morning of life" is almost gone with Grandpa, and "The evening shades" will come to all of us in due time, and this reminds me that Summer has gone. That the Autumn is far advanced, even to the approach of Winter. Our roses have faded and fallen. Our magnolias, the fragrant king of flowers, hushed into silence, to come again with the birth of new born Springtime. Then why not the young, who fall asleep in death, as well as the aged and infirm appear again in the order which God has placed us here. In our Father's house are many mansions. Jesus has promised, and God will fulfill.

Our chrysanthemum garden, under protection, is still lingering with us. In this show there are to be seen nearly all the colors of the rainbow—"The bow of promise." Now right here, ask your Mama to explain all about "The bow of promise." In my next letter I will tell of my visits to the homes of some of our town people.

GRANDPA.



**Letter No. 56.***Southland.**Three Little Hearts:*

**A**S PROMISED in my last letter, I said I would write something about having visited some of our poor families living in our city. These visits were made at a time when the weather was exceedingly warm and sultry. In the first family visited, I found a father, mother and four dependent, even helpless children. The father lay upon a sick bed; he was battling with disease and death. His wages were but eighty-five cents a day, and in the event of a full month's work, he would only receive twenty-two dollars and eighty-five cents, and of this three and one-half dollars went to pay the monthly rental of the house. Now, here was a family of six, and I began wondering how they could live on such scanty amount of means. I made some figures as to the cost of living—I found I had to arrange for cheap meals. So, I decided that a meal ought to cost at least three cents. Six in family, and all would consume three meals a day, making eighteen meals. These at three cents each would be fifty-four cents, or sixteen dollars and twenty-cents for entire month. To this I added the rent, and I found I only had two dollars and forty cents a month left, with which this father was expected to clothe his family and pay for medicine, and doctor bills, etc. Then I said, in the anguish of my heart, is it any wonder that there are Socialists in the land, who not only say that "The laborer is worthy of his hire," but is justly entitled to an equitable



share and distribution of his earnings. Here was a father racked with pain, a wife and mother breathing a faint hope for the recovery of husband and father. On a cot near by lay a little child, half conscious, almost motionless; yes, this little girl lay dying. This little couch, though made of rags, was a royal death chamber. It was the coronation death scene of a little soul going home to God. In another home, I found two little children, a boy and girl aged four and six. Now, there are pearls to be found in the poorest homes. The little boy of this home was nearing death's habitation. The mother had bade farewell to all her dreams of hope for the recovery of her little child. My mind was absorbed in reverie, and as the spirit of this little boy was borne away, my troubled soul seemed to catch glimpses of the jeweled walls of "The Holy City."

GRANDPA.

---

### ***Letter No. 57.***

*Southland.*

*To the Minds of Children and Mothers:*

**I**N MY last letter I did not finish my rambles among the homes of those described in former letters. In one of these squalid tenements, I found three ailing children. One child had the whooping cough, and the little fellow was whooping up things pretty lively. Two were aged five and seven, and were suffering, yes, even being tortured. The mercury was boiling away up in the nineties. Let me tell you Children something about the treatment of these innocent human forms.



There are some mothers in this world, who know as little about caring for their offspring as a Jersey cow knows of the art there is in catching mice. These two little sufferers were compelled to remain in bed. Around them was a four-ply garment, and besides woolen stockings, two other woolen garments encircled their bodies. On a shelf, in a corner of the little room, was a drug store in miniature. I said to the woman, if you don't quit giving these children so much medicine, you will make them sick. She looked at me as if I was an intruder in the home. I begged her to remove the woolen stockings, and in fact all woolen garments, and clothe them in cotton or linen slips. The little fellows were begging for cold water; but no, the mother must first drop in a live coal of fire in the cup, before the parched lips of these innocent babes were allowed to drink the contents. I regret to say that there are hundreds of just such mothers as I have described. There was a time, possibly, when God in some way condoned such ignorance, but in my judgment, there will be more tolerance for some who commit greater sins, than for those unnatural mothers. In this letter I am trying to reach mothers as well as interest children. But why should a little child be sick? Better ask why the child is sick? A mother's prayers together with the sunshine of paradise will not prevail unless we intelligently administer to the physical wants of God's lambs, confided to our care.

In the sick chamber we first seek the aid and council of the physician, and later the spiritual advice and administration of the pastor. These two great helps will go



hand in hand all along the rugged pathway of life when entered into with true christian zeal.

If any gentle mother, after reading this letter, becomes offended thereat, then in such event, I will apologize by saying that I am in line with the views of the President of the United States, when he said he was opposed to race suicide.

Little hearts, I will reserve the best of my "LETTERS FROM GRANDPA" for my next and last letter.

GRANDPA.

---

### *Letter No. 58.*

*Southland.*

*To Everybody's Children:*

**W**ITH THIS EFFORT closes a series of addresses to be known as LETTERS FROM GRANDPA, and the manuscript now goes to the printer for publication. If by incident or accident I have woven facts with every story, moral in every letter, an appeal on every page, such as will interest every parent, and entwine around the tender hearts of hearth and home, I shall not have written in vain. Children, in reading this book I do not expect you to go at one bound from childhood to old age. As I have often repeated, "Those of us who are older, are at best, only grown up children." I trust you will absorb some of the spirit of the writer. Resolve that every day of your life, you will do some good in the world. I will expect you to be joyful, full of mirth, and glee, and laughter. To be great is to be



good. After all life is much the fashion of what we make it. John Howard Payne is dead, but his soul is marching on, and his name and fame, in that beautiful sentiment clothed in rhyme and woven into song, will be sung all along down through the vista of time, "Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

As children you are advancing step by step, first babyhood, then childhood. You will all have a place to fill, and remember that whether in private or public life, it costs nothing to be an honest man or true woman. George Washington, at one time a little boy and with his little hatchet in hand, made a mistake just like many other little boys and girls sometimes do. George cut down a very fine cherry tree. He did not know a cherry tree from a black gum, or a dogwood bush, but he proved himself a little man, and told his father all about it.

Children, I feel as if I could write on and on, but I must stop sometime, somewhere. Now, I must bid you adieu, and say Good-bye, but not forever. I have written to you, will you write to me? I want to ask every child who reads these letters, or who hears them read, to write, or have some one to write for you. Tell me in your own way who you are, what you are, what you are doing. Tell me what you think of **LETTERS FROM GRANDPA**, and after a while, I will arrange all your letters and have them published in a neat little book entitled "Letters to Grandpa."

And now, dear Children, I bid each and everyone of you a Grandpa's greeting and an affectionate farewell.

GRANDPA.















**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



0002458074A

